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## *French Parties and English Sympathies.*

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IT is probably in the main true to say that our countrymen are never likely again to allow their prejudices against Catholicism to carry them to the extent of open persecution. The nation was hardly saved from this excess of folly at the time of the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but it may be considered certain that nothing but a very extraordinary concurrence of circumstances can produce an extravagant display of bigotry such as was then witnessed. Still we are constantly reminded of the fact that the Protestant—or rather, the anti-Catholic—cry has by no means lost its power with Englishmen, and even with the English Parliament. The passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act was an occasion of this kind. The outcry against the Society of the Holy Cross, which has not died away, is another instance. In both these cases there was far more reason at the bottom of the anti-Catholic agitation than in the case of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy by the Pope, for the persons against whom the agitation was raised were clergymen of the Protestant “Church of England,” who, if they were foes at all to the religion of the country, were foes wearing the garb and receiving the salaries of the ministers of that religion. Still, the main force of the movement against them lay in the intense anti-Catholic feeling of the country. To our mind there is another instance of the violence of the same feeling now before us, in the almost universal feeling expressed by the English Press as to the question which is so soon to be decided in France, between the present Ministry of Marshal MacMahon and the majority of the late Chamber of Deputies, which the President, with the consent of the Senate, has lately dissolved. Happily, English opinion has no very great weight on the Continent, for many reasons—the chief of these reasons being the blissful ignorance in which Englishmen ordinarily live as to the first elements of Continental politics, and the complacent assurance with which, notwithstanding, they dogmatize on those



politics. In France there seems reason for thinking that English public opinion is never considered to be well-informed, and, as a certain consequence, that opinion has never any weight at all. It is certainly better that it should be so, than that the influence of our public opinion should weigh in the scale on the wrong side. But it is nevertheless a misfortune that it should not exert a natural and legitimate influence on the side of right.

There can be little doubt that of the two parties into which Frenchmen are now, for the moment, divided, the Conservative party is that which ought naturally to command the sympathies of Englishmen. The most "Liberal" of English politicians are, ordinarily, quite as Conservative as the Duc de Broglie and his friends. Few men of any weight among us prefer the Republican form of Government to the Constitutional Monarchy under which the British Empire has obtained its greatest proportions and its most permanent glories, and we have all of us a just fear that any further step in the direction of democracy would destroy the high social, and political well-being for which England and her dependencies are distinguished. It is very likely that if a Republic were by some sudden catastrophe to be established among us, we should find a way of making it sufficiently aristocratic, in the best sense of the term, to preserve our liberties and our social system; but we should require the experience of many generations to make us believe in Republicanism as the one divinely-appointed form of government under which states can prosper, or to resent as a treason or a sacrilege the desire or the attempt to restore monarchy by legal means. And if our experiences of Republican Government had been at all like those of Frenchmen since the Great Revolution, we should certainly be still less inclined to be loyal to it, except under the strong pressure of necessity, than good Frenchmen usually are. On the other hand, the atrocities of the Commune, the miserable self-seeking and discreditable corruption of the Government in which M. Gambetta was the chief personage, the general violence and anti-religious fury of the ordinary Red Radicals of France, are quite well enough known among us to make Englishmen usually very chary of giving to them any share of sympathy. We see that the spirit of the Convention, and even of the Committee of Public Safety, is still living among the men who would come into power in consequence of any definitive triumph of the party which calls itself distinctively Republican. We have not forgotten, either, that

a Red Republic in France means disturbance over the whole of Europe, that it means insecurity as to peace and the observance of treaties, that it may be considered as certain, in the end, to lead, as by an inevitable destiny, to military despotism, the interest of which is war and aggrandizement. For these and other reasons, which it is unnecessary to catalogue here, although we are very glad to leave our neighbours to settle their own form of government for themselves, and to live on the best of terms with them under any form which they may choose, we have neither interests nor sympathies which lead us to desire the triumph of the Republican party as it now exists in France.

If we turn from men to deeds, and from parties to their policies, there is the same reason for withholding our sympathies from the Republican party and for giving them to the Conservatives. The Republican party cannot be treated unjustly if it be judged by the conduct of the majority of the late Chamber, which consisted certainly of the most respectable body of Republicans that France can produce. The men of the Commune, the men of plunder and massacre, were not there, though perhaps not a few of the Deputies would have had little scruple in using their services. The majority in the Chamber had it in their power to surprise, not only France, but Europe, by the moderation and patriotism with which they used their victory. Instead of this, they have made parliamentary government ridiculous for its inefficiency, at the same time that they used their superiority of numbers in a manner so tyrannical as to justify the conclusion that France is not the country for representative Assemblies. We have had in our own history instances of the tyranny of a majority, but none certainly more discreditable than that which was furnished by the late Chamber, when election after election was declared to be void on the most absurd grounds, when the candidates who had been returned by the constituencies belonged to the minority. This is a profligacy of party spirit which would never be tolerated in England. The conduct of the majority was in principle the same as if the Conservative majority which supports our present Government had declared the Liberal minority in the House of Commons incapable of admission to that assembly. This excess of tyranny was noted at the time in the correspondence of the many English newspapers which now are so eloquent on the strong measures of the present French Cabinet—not one of which has not been far exceeded in "strength" by the acts of the Republican Ministries

which preceded that Cabinet, and especially by the acts of M. Gambetta himself, when, in an evil hour for France, he usurped the government of that unfortunate country. The policy of the majority in the late Chamber, under the guidance of the *fou furieux* of whom M. Thiers spoke with so much contempt, has been such as would in this country permanently disqualify any of its members from a share in the direction of public affairs. A party which made legislation impossible, which used its majority to satisfy personal antipathies, and which ended by raising the cry of persecution against the religion of the great majority of Frenchmen, certainly deserves anything rather than the sympathy and admiration of England.

It is very true that, for the moment, the moderate Republicans have made common cause with the more advanced members of the same party, and have, for the moment also, put on the mask of comparative moderation. The reason for this is not far to seek. As long as the single object of the agglomeration of sections, which are in truth very far from being united in principle, is the overthrow of the Conservative Ministry which Marshal MacMahon has summoned to his aid, there is no need for the vital divergence in opinion between those several sections to exhibit itself openly. The aid of the most moderate can only be secured by professions of moderation; but let the combination once triumph, and it will soon be seen that the Left Centre has been made a tool of by M. Gambetta and his partisans. Moreover, there are two other very good reasons for the apparent unanimity and moderation of the Republicans. Their only chance with the country lies in their deceiving the constituencies as they have deceived the more moderate of their own allies, and they are in the presence of a Government which knows that it is backed by the army, and which it would be a fatal mistake to provoke by any illegal acts or attempts at revolution. It is almost ludicrous to observe how some of the English papers are preaching moderation to the Republicans—almost openly telling them, at the same time, that when their victory is once won they may go as far in the path of extravagance as they like.

The great crime of M. de Broglie's Government, in the eyes of the French Radicals is just that at which we have last hinted. It is a Government that will not be afraid to use force to make the law respected. Such Governments have been too often wanting to France when the moment has come at which the



repression of revolt was perfectly easy, but also entirely dependent on the firmness and courage of the Ministers. This, however, can hardly be considered a sufficient explanation of the strong current of abuse, or at least of depreciation, which has been poured upon M. de Broglie by the English Press, and even by the most Conservative portion of that Press. It may be said that the present French Ministry has alienated English public opinion by the violence of its acts, the many changes which it has made in the *personnel* of the local administration, and the like. This, however, is to pay but a poor compliment to the information of English newspaper writers. They are perfectly well aware that the changes which have been made among the *Préfets* throughout France are, in nine cases out of ten, the simple restorations of officials who had been displaced by former Governments for the crime of being Conservative. They are well aware that these extensive changes in the Prefectures and other administrative functions are usual and almost invariable measures which follow upon any change of Government, and that to make it a matter of complaint against any individual Minister that he has made such changes is about as absurd as if he were to be charged with corruption because he drew his salary. Again, no well-informed man is ignorant that when M. Gambetta and his friends seized the reins of Government, they not only changed the administrative officers all over France, but filled up the vacant places with friends and accomplices of their own, in a manner and to a degree the profligacy of which has never been approached since France had an administration at all. Nor can any one doubt that if Marshal MacMahon were to-morrow to call M. Gambetta and his allies to office, we should see once more repeated the shameful exploits in this kind of 1870. What a simple and foolish sophistry it is, to judge of French Ministries as if they were English Ministries, and to find fault with one Minister for doing what all Ministers in France do!

It may be further objected to the present French Government, that, if it has not gone beyond the law in the measures of repression which it has adopted, it has at least strained to the utmost the powers which are conceded to it by the Constitution, and has thus acted, in truth, in what we in England call an "unconstitutional" manner. We may rest assured that if the law has been broken by the Government, we shall be quite certain to hear of it. Up to the present time, all proof of this

is wanting. As to the straining of the Constitution, we must be careful not to judge of a French Constitution, which has not yet attained its teens, by the feelings with which we rightly regard our own unwritten Constitution, which has been silently moulded into its present form by the action of so many generations. There are things which remain in the written law of England which it would be what we call "unconstitutional" to act upon—especially certain attributes of the Crown, the exercise of which might be at once perfectly legal and extremely imprudent. In point of fact, our Constitution is altered from time to time by the action of circumstances and the tacit consent of the several Estates of which our polity is composed. Nothing of the kind can be said of such a thing of yesterday as the Constitution of the French Republic. In the first place, there is no reason for thinking that the Republic itself has ever been accepted by the French people—after having been forced upon them by a *coup-de-main* by M. Gambetta and his friends—with any greater cordiality than that which is consistent with a conviction like that expressed by the late M. Thiers, that it is the form of Government which divides Frenchmen the least. The present advisers of Marshal MacMahon are never likely to think of getting rid of the Republic by a *coup d'état*—but, if they were to do this, they would not act more illegally than M. Gambetta himself did, when he established the Republic on his own authority, and prevented the elections all over France until his own Government had been submitted to. In the second place, as to the actual letter of the Constitution, it is, as we have said, a thing of yesterday, and therefore it may be fairly considered to contain nothing whatever which is not meant to be acted upon. Englishmen would not be quiet if the Queen, with the consent of the House of Lords, were to dissolve a Parliament which contained a large majority against her Ministers, whom she had called to power by the dismissal of another Cabinet which represented that view of the majority. Still less would they like it, if her Majesty were to intimate or let it be understood that she would dissolve the next Parliament, like its predecessor, if it were not favourable to her Ministers. The Queen, in doing this, even without the support of the Upper House of the Legislature, would act strictly in her legal right, but she would be considered as liable to blame for a practical violation of the Constitution. But there is no ground for such blame in the

case of Marshal MacMahon, even were he to use his right of dissolution over again in the face of a refractory Chamber. The Constitution gives him certain rights, and he is bound to use them if he considers such a course to be the most consistent with the welfare of France.

The truth is, that the real cause why the sympathy of English Conservatives—we use the word in the Continental sense, rather than in the restricted sense according to which it designates a political party among ourselves—is denied to the French party of order, lies in the religious prejudices which are still so rife among us. No ordinary Englishman can resist the charm of an adventurer, however socially and politically *furieux*, who declares that he wages war against Clericalism and Ultramontanism. “Oserai-je le dire?” says Bourdaloue, in one of his sermons, speaking of ambition, “qu’un démon sorti de l’enfer se trouvait dans un haut degré d’elevation et de faveur, on lui offrirait l’encens.” If the prince of darkness himself were to become incarnate, and play a part in foreign politics, especially in a Catholic country, he would have the sympathies and the support of a large portion of this country if he were to assure them, as he very well might—without, for once, departing from the truth—that he was above all things the enemy of the Papacy and of all clerical influence. This is the flag which M. Gambetta has publicly hoisted, and devotion to this flag has been the guiding principle of the French Radicals since the fall of the Empire. On the other hand, the predominance of the other parties in France means, at least, tolerance towards religion. It means, at least, freedom of education, and a respectful treatment of the Holy See. In the eyes of many Englishmen it probably means much more—perhaps even a willingness to help the Church to an extent which might endanger the work of Garibaldi at Rome.

Now, it must fairly be confessed that we have among English newspapers more than one, not inconsiderable in influence or popularity, which are not only anti-Catholic but anti-Christian. We have among us, unfortunately, an increasing number of men and women of education, who are not only indifferent as to the requirements of the Christian law, but who are positively hostile to the Christian religion as such. That such papers and such persons should write up anybody abroad, who professes to hate priests and everything else that is Catholic, is only natural. It could not be otherwise. But

these are not the only admirers of M. Gambetta among us—if they were, the main force of English public opinion would not press so hardly on the Ministry of which M. de Broglie is the head. The mass of Englishmen are Conservative—we again use the word in its Continental sense. The mass of Englishmen wish to see order maintained, the rights of property respected, the practice of religion free, and education not dissociated from religion and made a State monopoly administered by infidels. They are clerical enough, in the sense of M. Gambetta. They may not like the “Priest in Absolution,” and the Society of the Holy Cross, but they are ready to allow their Catholic fellow-subjects the free use of their own sacraments, and they do not object to that necessary intercourse with Rome, which the spiritual interests of those Catholic fellow-subjects require. They like to see their own clergy active in education, and they would consider it tyrannical if pupils trained under clerical superintendence were not allowed to compete for honours or to take degrees in the National Universities. This is all very well in England—but in France and for Frenchmen it is “Clerical and Ultramontane,” and a demagogue who raises a cry against it, and wishes to make the law proscribe it, becomes at once a hero in the eyes of respectable Anglican clergymen, and of fathers and mothers of families, who would shrink from an education for their own children in which religion was proscribed as from a cup of poison.

It is this strange inconsequence and inconsistency, together with our inveterate habit of judging everything political everywhere from our own insular stand-point, which renders English public opinion of so little value in the eyes of Continental nations. Perhaps it does not matter very much, as far as the issue of the present contest in France is concerned, whether English writers side with the Revolutionists or with the Conservatives. But it is sad to see a large multitude of well-meaning people misled by a transparent imposture. And to us Catholics at home the misdirection of English sympathy is more important, because it is a sign of possible danger to ourselves. It is, indeed, it may be said, a more than possible danger; for the same blind and fanatical prejudices which make Englishmen hound on M. Gambetta in his war against “Clericalism,” have operated and are still operating powerfully against us, and have only lately been invoked in the discussion on Higher University Education, for the purpose of continuing

in the Sister Isle that monopoly of higher studies which every statesman in England who is worthy of the name knows to be unjust and indefensible—a relic of tyranny and barbarism which cannot be perpetuated without at the same time perpetuating in the Irish people a sense of injury and insult. In the refusal to let the Irish people educate their children as they think right, and in the forcible maintenance of a system of mixed education which they abhor, we see the working of the same spirit, which would rather see the destinies of the finest nation in Europe handed over once more to the tender mercies of M. Gambetta, than see French Catholics free to educate Catholic youth in a Catholic manner.

### *St. Paul on Rationalism.*

IT is a common accusation against St. Paul, that he depreciates, down to the point of utter contempt, the powers of human reason. Passages are brought forward in support of this charge. For instance, the Apostle is shown to have said that "the wisdom of the flesh is death; but the wisdom of the spirit, life and peace." And again he seems rather to make a boast of it, that among the followers whom he was addressing there were "not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble. But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and the things that are not, that He may bring to nought things that are. That no flesh should glory in His sight, but . . . he that glorieth may glory in the Lord. In fine, the Apostle does not scruple to speak of the *folly* of the cross of Christ, thus anticipating the criticism of worldly wisdom.

Whatever fault may be found with these words of St. Paul, this much at any rate must be allowed him, that his writings are of a piece with the rest of Holy Scripture, which has passages matching, to a nicety, the above verses taken out of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Jesus Christ especially appears to have been of one mind with St. Paul, if it be not rather that St. Paul has conformed himself to be of one mind with Christ; the sum of Whose teaching on this head was, "Unless you become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Clearly, then, St. Paul is no sympathizer with modern rationalism. Rationalism says, let the individual intellect be free, bowing to no authority; let it be its own judge, its own guide, master, and lord supreme of all its acts. St. Paul does not say, absolutely and in every point, the opposite of all this. There is a sense in which he would allow that the individual



judgment, or conscience, is its own last court of appeal; though he would deny that, even in this case, nature was left unaided by grace. Still, when he had made the fullest allowance that he could make to the rights of reason, St. Paul would yet find himself in radical opposition to rationalism.

It may be asked, by those who consider themselves competent to criticize an Apostle, whether he makes any defence of his position. Does he lay down any doctrine that will satisfactorily account to reason herself for the low, or at least the secondary and subordinate, rank that he assigns her? Now if any one will be at the pains to find out the hypothesis on which St. Paul goes, he will discover that, whatever may be alleged against the hypothesis itself, against the consistency of the Apostle's deduction from it simply nothing can be urged. Believing what he did believe of man's state on earth, he could not have spoken of man's reason otherwise than he has spoken. It will be an incalculable gain in the controversy between Christians and Rationalists if on all occasions sight is never for an instant lost of the fundamental position taken up by Christianity—of that which is presupposed in all her teachings and in all her arguments. Otherwise, disputation is so much idle beating of the air. You cannot overlook the essential character of a system, and then settle the dispute by discussing remote issues. To St. Paul, therefore, let us go back, in order to find out what is the first great proposition in his creed—the proposition from which so much else that he lays down is a mere deduction.<sup>1</sup>

St. Paul holds, as we shall see by-and-by, that man from the beginning has been made for the supernatural order. There never has been a human creature born into this world whom God directly intended for a natural end. This needs explanation. It is assumed, of course—for we are merely analyzing a system—it is assumed that a personal, omnipotent God made man, and assigned him his destiny, which is made contingent on the merits or demerits of each individual. There is reward in

<sup>1</sup> It is well the Christian should clearly put before himself, once and for ever, the solid grounds on which he builds his faith. These are safe, beyond all overturning. Afterwards, when he meets with the arguments of infidels, drawn from quite other and inadequate sources, he will not be disturbed. He will say, I never based my belief on these foundations. I do not hold the truths of revelation dependently on the demonstrations of natural science. What care I whether a very narrow and a very partial investigation, among most deficient records, gives me, as the slenderly probable origin of man, a state of savagery? I believe the opposite on quite other grounds!

store for the good, punishment for the bad. Now the prize proposed may be either of two things : it may be a reward proportionate to the exigencies of man's natural merits, or it may be a reward out of all proportion to what man can naturally aspire to gain. An example will throw light on the matter. In this country a peerage is a natural reward for an eminent judge, or general, or statesman, or *littérateur*. But for the most perfect discharge of the functions of shoeblack, or street scavenger, or scullion, or washerwoman—why, a peerage as a reward is out of all proportion. If you came across a hod-man, who told you that he laboured assiduously from morning till night in the hope of ultimately getting a seat in the House of Lords, you would hasten, as kindly as you could, to undeceive the poor man. And if he quoted the instance of some great architect who had won his way to a title simply by bearing a part in the erection of certain buildings, you would explain how hod-man and architect worked together, on totally disparate relations, towards the construction of the same building.

When we say, then, that man might have been created for the natural order, and have had for his destiny a natural end, we mean thereby an end in keeping with the natural exigencies of human merit, neither going beyond nor falling below. Such an end might vary within limits, it might be more perfect or less perfect; but limits it would have, and these limits would be fixed by the proportion between faculty and attainment, between merit and reward. What the natural and proportionate end of man would have been, need not here be stated in full, still less proved. Suffice it to say that it would consist essentially in the sight and enjoyment of God, as contemplated indirectly through the medium of His creatures, not as seen face to face; for the intuitive vision of God is beyond the natural power of any creature.

Such might have been the destiny of man; but such, by God's bounty, it is not. Man has been raised to a supernatural end. The rank which no creature could of himself attain—which could not become due to the united prayers and merits of countless creatures through endless ages—that rank has God gratuitously put within the reach of every one. To the angels it was not owing, no more than to men. Out of God's pure bounty it is now as if the lowly drudge, whose position before offered no possibility of rising to the peerage, had been lifted from his impotent condition and put into a new sphere, wherein



his efforts are of quite a new order, endowed with quite a new dignity, and therefore meritorious of some altogether higher reward. The end of man now is God, not seen "darkly in the glass," but God seen "face to face," and "as He is." The super-added gift which thus transforms man and gives him capabilities that before he had not, is known in the Christian dispensation by the name of grace. Grace is a supernatural quality infused into the soul, whereby she has a new life and activity—a life and activity not destroying nor superseding her natural life and activity, but entering into these and elevating them to a higher sphere.

It is this supernatural life of grace which St. Paul describes in the second chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. Of the state to which the Christian is raised he tells us, first, that it is so exalted as to be beyond the natural powers of man even to conceive. It is simply out of the range of the merely human faculties. "We speak the wisdom of God *in a mystery*, a mystery which *is hidden*, which God ordained before the world, unto our glory. . . . As it is written, the eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither *hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive* what God hath prepared for them that love Him. But to us God hath revealed it by His spirit. For the spirit searcheth all things, yea, *the deep things of God*." Science may discover great wonders, but science is powerless to discover the supernatural order to which man is raised.<sup>2</sup> But the Apostle goes further; he asserts, secondly, that even after revelation has made known the fact of man's supernatural calling, no one is able to take in and understand aright the revelation that has been vouchsafed us, unless the grace of God lend its aid to the task. "What man knoweth the things of a man but the spirit of man that is in him. So the things also that are of God no man knoweth but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of this world, but the Spirit that is of God, *that we may know the things that are given us from God*." These things are, of course, not the gifts of nature, but the gifts of grace, which, without the aid of this same grace, cannot be appreciated in their true light by the human mind. Hence St. Paul continues, "The sensual man (*ψυχικός*,

<sup>2</sup> Man, by his natural powers alone, might know, without revelation, that God could do something more for humanity than belongs to the state of pure nature. But unaided reason would be unable to find out the possibility or the existence of the order of grace, such as it is now established.

animalis) perceiveth not the things that are of the Spirit of God, because it is spiritually examined."

In the above passage we learn that the supernatural order is beyond the power of mere human knowledge, not in the way that the other side of the moon is a thing no man can explore, because it is never turned to us, nor in the way that other universes are beyond our ken, for want of a telescope which can reach them. In these cases the limit is a limit of degree, not of kind. But the supernatural is a realm that defies natural investigation simply because this is natural and that is supernatural. The supernatural is altogether out of the sphere of the unaided human faculties. It is more unsearchable to our intellect than sound to the eye or colour to the nostril. It is altogether above and beyond us.

Such being St. Paul's view of the case, Rationalists at least will understand how, believing what he did, the Apostle necessarily asserts of the supernatural order, that it is not directly amenable to the tribunal of pure reason. Indeed, it would be a strong argument against the claims of our revealed religion if it contained nothing of which reason could not see the why and wherefore. It is simply preposterous, then, to pretend to settle the merits of Christianity by seeing whether it admits of being crushed in so as to fit the procrustean bed of rationalism. Why, you might as well object to the finest and largest fruit which grows that it cannot accommodate itself to being housed in a nutshell. We do not make our small intellects the measure of all that can be. Our formula is not "*credo quia intelligo*," nor yet, in its literal sense "*credo quia absurdum*," but it is "I believe because, as St. Paul says, '*scio cui credidi*.'" We hold that if God has revealed the Trinity of Persons in one Deity, He did not propose this mystery subject to man's analysis of the proposition. If He Who made substance out of nothing promises that He will change the substance of bread into the substance of His own Body, the outward appearance of bread still remaining, He does not add: "believe this if you can understand it," but, "believe this, because I, who know better than you, and have a right to your obedience, have so ordained." It is well that in their attacks on Christianity Rationalists should bear these pretty obvious truths in mind. The importance of so doing can hardly be exaggerated. We do not defend our system point by point, each dogma on its own intrinsic evidence; all we contend for is that no dogma is

demonstrably self-contradictory, or contradictory of other dogmas, or absurd, or immoral. At the same time we allow that, gauged by human reason alone, some of our doctrines appear strange, improbable, or even impossible. Still human reason can never say of them absolutely that they cannot be as stated. Any man who presumes to gainsay their possibility is only acting the part of a certain inland rustic who, on being told by a brother rustic just come from a trip to the sea-side that iron ships floated in the water, summoned up all his British stolidity, and said, "Why a bit of iron as big as a nail can't swim, and you won't make me believe that a lump as big as a ship can." Of course the narrator had no proof to give except his testimony as an eye-witness, but what was this against the irrefragable argument: if an iron nail can't float, how can an iron ship, which is heavier?

Now if anyone of us knows anything, it is this, that he knows very little, and the more a man learns the more he is convinced of his ignorance.<sup>8</sup> In every single matter it may be said that, however much we may know about it, there remains far more to be known. We cannot analyze our ideas for a moment without becoming painfully conscious how bounded they are, how inadequate to give the full account of the objects they represent. It follows, therefore, that it is a very unwise practice in the case of a revealed system, that has real claims to have its pretensions examined into, to judge of it by any criterion which assumes the competency of man to say what is possible to God and what is not. Now surely the history of Christ and of Christianity is too broad and deep a fact, and fills up too mighty a space in the life-story of mankind not to call for serious consideration. It cannot lightly be cast aside at first sight, as a silly superstition. If its demands are very great, the titles on which it founds these demands are also very great. Were it some mushroom growth sprung up in a night, had it done no important work in the world, if it had no splendid names to show, if it were a palpable imposture—on these conditions it might be treated as Rationalists treat it. But being what it is, it has a right to be weighed in scales that do not ridiculously break in the attempt. The shop-keeper should not go out with his petty appliances to weigh Mont Blanc, and then come back and report to mankind that the

<sup>8</sup> The words of Socrates, in the *Apology*, are well known: *ἴστωκα γάρ τοι τοῦτο γὰρ ἀνθρώπων τὸν αὐτὸν σοφώτατος εἶναι, δεῖ αὖ μὴ οἶδα εὐδὲ οἶσθαι εἰδέναι.*

monster is of no importance because it won't fit into his scale-pan.

What we want is that Rationalists should begin at the beginning. Let them examine *our* evidence for the possession of a revelation, which is the word of a God, capable neither of deceiving nor of being deceived. I say, let them examine *our* evidence, not *their own* evidence. For often they try to make us stake our issue on lines of argument which we never declared to be sufficient for the establishment of our claims. It is strange conduct on the part of the adverse counsel to say, "You must establish your rights on grounds of my choosing." Well, we do not choose; perhaps we are not able to prove our dogmas by digging up old strata, or classifying skulls, or comparing languages, or following some such course of investigation. All we care to contend for in these matters is that they do not, to demonstration, prove that we are wrong, whereas our own line of argument as laid down in various apologetic treatises, does carry to us the conviction that we are right. It is round this quarter, then, that the decisive battle must be fought. Here we claim to be judged by ordinary historical evidences, here we can claim no privileges as yet, for till our pretensions to take shelter under the wing of the supernatural are made good we have no title to put in the plea. We must argue on grounds of reason alone till we have thoroughly established a position, not in the realm of the unreasonable, but in a sphere that lies beyond reason. The sole question that it is worth while to discuss is, did God reveal the Christian religion? The only way thoroughly to decide this inquiry is, not by setting reason to weigh the intrinsic merits of each dogma in detail, but by applying—and applying honestly—the test of reason to the title-deeds of the Church. Grace must come in before faith can be reached, but where nature is not wanting to itself neither will grace be wanting on its side.

By way of illustration, let us apply the above principle to a special case. In these days of feverish excitement to examine into the claims of all old beliefs, the Bible, of course, is brought to trial at the bar of scientific criticism. It is said to us over and over again, Your Bible must stand or fall—must so far stand or so far fall—as it shall satisfy the test of ordinary criticism. The Bible must be treated, in all respects, simply as any other book. Now, to this we demur: it is an essential

point in our contention that Scripture is not an ordinary book, and does not deal with ordinary events. We do not, and cannot defend the Bible on the ground of its being just in the same category as the writings of Herodotus, whose naïve stories we are free to reject whenever they do not square with our ideas of what is naturally probable. The primary fact of Holy Scripture being inspired is the question on which we join issue: we refuse altogether to try the case on this other issue—whether, waiving its inspiration, the narrative is such as recommends itself to human reason in the character of a chronicle of events belonging to the purely natural order. About any other point than the fact of inspiration, it is, as a rule, sheer waste of powder and shot to do battle. Not but that a demonstrably clear proof of Scripture being inconsistent with itself, or with the natural law, or with the certain facts of history, would also be a demonstrably clear proof against its inspiration. God cannot inspire a lie. But as a matter of fact the only serious objections that can be brought against Scripture are precisely such as we have a right to sink under the weight of authority which we have for believing Scripture to be infallible. This may seem strange, or that improbable, or the other may seem even impossible; but the strangeness, or the improbability, or the apparent impossibility never assume such proportions that we cannot treat them somewhat as we treat certain ambiguous cases of conduct, on the part of a well-proved friend; or as an inferior treats the orders of a more enlightened and trustworthy superior, not quite seeing how these are prudent, but knowing by experience that they will ultimately prove their own justification. Moreover, it is a decided habit of ours to expect to have to take certain things—not a few of them—on trust, as trials that are purposely left to test our fidelity. Or to put the matter in a homely way, it is our settled conviction that no man can successfully accomplish the journey to heaven without paying for his ticket; and that no small fraction of the price exacted of him is a humble, yet reasonable submission of his judgment to the voice of God, speaking darkly from behind the veil to the ear of faith.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Just one word about this much abused term, *faith*. It is a thousand pities that so simple an idea should have been so obscured and perverted. Certainly if faith is the blind, unreasoning, and unreasonable thing that theorists make it, the rationalist is quite right in saying, with the face, the accent, and gesture of scorn, "I'll none of it." Let us trust, however, that many people's faith is better than their analysis of it. There is a most mischievous antithesis made between faith and knowledge,



Let us turn to a second illustration. Mr. Tylor, treating of primitive culture, is express in his declaration that his examination is partial,—so much so, that he designedly and confessedly leaves out whole departments of evidence that would call for consideration in a complete treatment of the subject on all its sides. That he should not keep his promise, even as an oversight, is a grave intellectual error. Yet keep it he does not. Professing to treat merely of natural religion, to draw his materials and form his principles from purely natural sources, he so far forgets himself as to apply his results to test certain portions of the Jewish and the Christian systems; of all revealed religions just the two that have best claim to be really built on revelation. The following are the instances which make good this accusation.

From the comparative study of myths it is seen, that there are certain types of the mythologizing process which appear independently, the wide world over; thereby showing that they spring from a common propensity of men's minds in their less cultivated stages. One of these types is seen in the many myths which tell of one natural object being devoured by another; which is the symbolic way of representing the succession of phenomena, as of night on day, or of season on season. Wherever, therefore, you meet in early records a strange story of one creature swallowing up another, you have some reason for suspecting a myth. Still you must apply two canons: a story is to be rejected as a myth from true history, "whenever it is recognized by the tests of being decidedly against evidence as fact, and at the same time clearly explicable as myths." Mr. Tylor applies these tests to the story of Jonas swallowed by a whale; and the experiment gives him, not fact but symbol. I allow the possible application of his second canon: I deny altogether the applicability of his first canon, namely, the inquiry as to whether the story admits of being interpreted as a natural fact. Of course as a purely natural occurrence the story of Jonas is not interpretable; but the hypothesis of Scripture is that the event was not natural, and this hypothesis Mr. Tylor is bound to respect if he would be true to his promise of not meddling with the supernatural.

whereby faith is maligned into being something that is not knowledge, but a blindly instinctive acceptance of what is not known. Now, to cut a long matter short, faith is knowledge, but knowledge at second hand, on the testimony of another. It is human faith if the witness is a man; it is Divine faith if the witness is God, Who gives at the same time grace to elicit a supernatural assent to His revelation.

There is exactly the same fault to be found with his treatment of the fasting of St. Theresa, and, as he adds, of all the other fasting saints mentioned in the pages of the Bollandists.<sup>5</sup> He considers fasting as a superstition, a survival of an uncultured age—a mere means of bringing on a morbid, ecstatic state of brain with a view to being able to see visions, or to take diseased fancies for realities. By the way, it may be observed that, if Mr. Tylor would just have tried the experiment of fasting through one Lent, he would have pretty certainly found out that fasting, for the most part, has anything but an ecstatic effect. *Experio crede.* Then, in the second place, he is once more false to his promise in taking a portion of our revealed system, and ridiculing it because it professes to be above nature. I say a portion of our system, because, although the Church does not vouch for the genuineness of every vision recorded in the Bollandists,<sup>6</sup> yet she does commit herself to the doctrine that supernatural visions are possible and are granted to her children.<sup>7</sup> Again, therefore, I repeat, St. Theresa's fasting was no legitimate subject for Mr. Tylor's comment; no more so than for a similarly misjudged comment on a miracle recorded to have been worked, a few years ago, by some dust from the tomb of Blessed Berchmans. The citation of instances relating to superstitions about the dead, should have omitted the example of a Catholic saint; at least it should not have included this case as one of those not pertaining to revealed religion.

<sup>5</sup> "So long as fasting is continued as a religious rite, so long its consequences in morbid mental exaltation will continue the old and savage doctrine that morbid fancy is supernatural experience. Bread and meat would have robbed the ecstatic of many an angel's visit" (*Primitive Culture*).

<sup>6</sup> The Bollandists themselves, of course, often reject visions.

<sup>7</sup> It is a great mistake to suppose that every one who fasts pretends to visions. With the comparatively rare exceptions of persons specially favoured, the well instructed Catholic goes to the grave without once fancying to have had a vision. One cause, according to Mr. Tylor, of the wide divergence of religious thought, e.g., in England, "is the partial and one-sided application of the method of historical inquiry into theological doctrines, and the utter neglect of the ethnographical method, which carries back the historical into remoter and more primitive regions of thought. Looking at each doctrine in itself and for itself, theologians close their eyes to the instances which history is ever holding up before them, that one phase of religious belief is the outcome of another; that in all times religion has included in its limits a system of philosophy expressing its more or less transcendental conceptions in doctrines which form, in any age, their fittest representatives; but which doctrines are liable to modification in the general course of intellectual change; whether the ancient formulas still hold their authority with altered meaning, or are themselves reformed or replaced. The general study of the ethnography of religion seems to countenance the theory of evolution in its highest and widest sense" (*Primitive Culture*).

Similarly out of place are Mr. Tylor's harsh words about the infallible Pope—the harshest words in his book. The attack goes on the supposition that the Pope, with nothing to help him but natural means, claims to settle infallibly disputes that perplex the rest of the world. To argue from this view of the case is not only an *ignoratio elenchi*, it is an ignoring of all common sense. Of course it would be wildly absurd for the Pope to claim infallibility without Divine warrant, or outside the scope of Divine warrant. But no one ever set up such a claim; and all objections that imply this claim fall to the ground for lack of a leg to stand upon.

Yet another point more. We have heard it repeated *ad nauseam* lately, that the only way of thoroughly understanding an idea is to become acquainted with its genesis,—with its gradual evolution from the time it first took shape in the rude mind of the savage. I do not care to contest what of pretty obvious truth there is in this theory. But suppose certain ideas to have been evolved as much according to rule as you like, yet, if revelation steps in, over and above natural development, it may give to certain notions a degree of advancement far ahead of their age—an advancement which evolution, continued through cycles of years, would not have attained. At least, then, ideas got by revelation are not safe matter for illustrating the theory of development. So long, therefore, as Mr. Tylor is confining himself to purely natural research, he is welcome to his notion that the stages of development in the idea of sacrifice were these—the gift-theory, the homage-theory, and the abnegation-theory. But what right has he to drag the Eucharistic Sacrifice into the question? The Sacrifice of the Mass is claimed as a matter of direct revelation, and with revelation Mr. Tylor disclaims interference. Not only the Victim of the Sacrifice was revealed, but the motive and all about it. All would have been the same, whether the revelation had been made at the stage of the gift-theory, or the homage-theory, or the abnegation-theory, supposing there have been such stages.

These instances, which are here brought to an end, are all the more valuable as they are taken from a book marked by many signs of moderation. The author is often very candid in his admissions. He acknowledges—certainly with truth—that he has not *demonstrated* the original savagery of man, and that the data for his theory are “miserably deficient.” For



the most part, too, he keeps to his promise of treating of natural phenomena only by natural means of inquiry. Only here and there does he step out of his course and put Christianity to tests which she never professed to be able to stand. Say to her, You are naturally unaccountable, and she bows and says, Yes.

Perhaps it will be urged that Mr. Tylor's comparatively few remarks about matters of revelation are mere casual illustrations and no essential portion of his book. Be it so; but they are still reprehensible, for they are instances out of point. As far as they go to show anything, they go to show this, that the supernatural is not the natural. Whoever said it was?

To return once more to the burden of my song—to what I have repeated so often in different words, sometimes, perhaps, in the same words—do not, I say, find fault with Christianity simply because she is what she professes to be. Do not tell her that reason cannot fathom some of her doctrines, for the same has been her declaration from the beginning. Do not announce to her, as a discovery, that her claims are very high, beyond the measure of what a human institution has a right to exact from man. Her sole excuse for making these claims is, that she is not a human institution. Go, then, to the heart of the matter, which in brief is this: Was or was not Christ the Son of God? Did or did not Christ found a Church to be the teacher of all men in all ages? Good will seldom come from contending about details whilst the great fundamental question remains unanswered. If the Church is a divinely guided teacher, whatever she teaches is true, and that solves all difficulties; if she is not, why, then, that solves all difficulties too, for she is an impostor beyond all condonation.

Meantime, not for the sake of Rationalists, but for the sake of men of good will, let this truth be proclaimed, simply because it is true and to proclaim it is well—that God, Who will have all things bow to His dominion, insists on the subjection, the reasonable subjection, of His noblest work on earth, the human intelligence. The highest homage man can pay to God is the submission of his understanding and will. God has made it a law, verified by the whole course of the world's history, that minds which will not submit to be checked by the authority that He has established, shall pay the penalty of running riot into all sorts of contradictory errors, and shall never find sure standing-ground in those questions which most concern the

whole destiny of man.<sup>8</sup> God, says Scripture, "gave the world over for men to dispute about." He expected natural science to move to and fro, to advance by a zigzag path. But as to the vital truths of eternity, He meant them to be fixed as rocks. Therefore He gave a revelation, and constituted a guardian of the doctrines He had revealed, so that on these points all might be certain who would. Rationalists reject this security; they scorn to be guided by any but their own lights. The peril is their own: *ipsi viderint*.

This further remark is in point that, if science would show to the evidences of Christianity one fraction of the favour which it shows to the probabilities—it does not call them evidences—which lend some colour to its own anti-Christian speculations, its objections would soon give way to the far weightier difficulties which lie against the objections themselves. Would that Rationalism were true to reason! Would even that Rationalism recognized reason for what she is! For it is bad enough to gauge revelation by pure reason; but when reason is reduced to sensism or phenomenalism, why bad is made worse.

These concluding words are words of assertion, not of proof, though they assert no more than is capable of proof. It is well that such assertions should be made merely as assertions. Materialists are gaining most of their influence over the people by bold assertion. It is by daring, reiterated, unwearied, ceaseless assertions—to the effect that man was once latent in a fiery cloud, that thought is a product of nerve-vibration, that souls are the foolish fancies of an unscientific age, that there is no personal, knowable God—it is by assertions like these, independent of all demonstration, that Rationalists work on

<sup>8</sup> A notable instance is this: only a few years ago rationalists parted company with Scripture, because it said that all mankind were descended from a single pair. No rationalist could prove that the present variety of races was inconsistent with identity of origin; but there was a difficulty, and this was enough: they were not going to gulp down difficulties for the sake of Scripture. This difficulty, so far as ever it was a real one, is as real now as it was before. Yet it is no obstacle to a whole crowd of rationalists now trooping off, helter-skelter, in the very opposite direction to their previous flight from Biblical teaching. In favour of Scripture they would not sink one single difficulty: in favour of a wild and utterly unproved hypothesis, they will sink not this one alone, but literally thousands of others. Not only species may develop varieties, but species may develop new species; the vegetable may develop the animal; and lifeless matter may develop life. At least, to put the case very mildly, there is still as much difficulty in believing man to be evolved out of the fiery cloud, as there was formerly in believing the Negro and the Caucasian to have had one father, Adam. If then the latter difficulty was a bar to the acceptance of Scripture, why is the latter no bar to the acceptance of evolution?"

the too susceptible minds of the multitude. Of recently enrolled freethinkers, there is scarce one in a thousand that can give even a moderately plausible reason for what he holds, still less for what he refuses to hold. They will tell you complacently that they have no difficulty of the evolution theory, except perhaps some little point of this sort—if the middle of the earth is a gaseous mass, how can the centre of gravity be there, at the lightest part?—which just shows that they know nothing about the fine theories they make show of adopting. They are the converts of assertion. In the cause of right we surely may have recourse to a similar method of assertion, with this difference—that our assertions are true. Let us unflinchingly, everywhere and always, assert the doctrines which we know to be so certain and so all-important to the well-being of our fellows—that man is the direct creation of God; that we have souls; that by these souls we are made intelligent, responsible creatures, responsible to a God Whom we know and Who knows us, Who will be our Judge at death, and assign to us an immortal destiny of joy or of woe, according to our works done here in the flesh, in this place of our probation, whence we shall be all summoned soon.

J. R.

## *Historical Geography in the Seventeenth Century.*

### PART THE THIRD.

WE resume, in our present number, our extracts from the curious little manuscript which has been placed in our hands by a friend. We have already seen what our seventeenth century traveller has to say as to England and France. Our present paper shall be made up of what he tells us of his experiences of Germany. As he is not very long in this part of his volumes, we shall let him speak for himself all through without interruption. One remark, however, we must make on the opening sentence of our extracts, because, if we are not mistaken, it enables us to identify our author beyond chance of mistake. He tells us that he leaves Italy alone, because it deserves a volume to itself, and "having said enough of it in my *Italian Voyage*." We have also said that the initials of the writer are certainly R. L. Now it happens that there is in existence a fat duodecimo, called "*The Voyage of Italy*, or a compleat journey through Italy, in two parts, by Richard Lassels, Gent, who travelled through Italy five times as tutor to several of the English Nobility and Gentry. Never before extant. Newly published at Paris, and are to be sold in London by John Starkey, at the Mitre in Fleet Street, near Temple Barr, 1670." The book is dedicated to Richard, Lord Lumley, Viscount Waterford, and is signed S. Wilson. In it he speaks of the writer as "his worthy friend and fellow-traveller," and as then dead. The title-page of the second part describes it as "*opus posthumum*, corrected and set forth by his old friend and fellow-traveller, S. W. Printed at Paris by Vincent du Moutier, MDCLXX. It seems impossible to doubt that Mr. Lassels is the writer with whom we are engaged.<sup>1</sup>

From France I went into Italy, but because that country alone deserves a particular book to itself I will say nothing of it here, having said enough of it in my "*Italian voyage*."

<sup>1</sup> We are indebted for these facts to the kindness of Mr. G. W. Ryder.

From Italy, then, I went into Germany twice. Once from Venice to Mestro, Trevisi, and so to Trent. The way between Mestro and Trevisi, for twelve miles together, looks like an alley set with trees on either side most pleasantly. This country is called the Marca Trevisina, and was once the seat of the Euganeans, so called from their nobility and good birth. In the town of Trevisi is an excellent cathedral or duomo, a sumptuous monastery and church of Dominicans, and an academy of wits called the Perseveranti.

From Trevisi we went to Trent, which is in the Marca Trevisina, and belonging to the Bishop of it. It is half peopled with Italians and half with Germans, and therefore it was thought a most convenient place for to hold the General Council in (so called from this town), because the German Lutherans, for whose heresies this council was chiefly called, might the more conveniently and securely come hither. We saw here the place where the council was held and finished, and in a great picture, the manner of the Fathers' sitting in this council.

Passing from Trent we were presently in Germany, that is in the country of Tyrol, belonging to the archduke of Austria, who keeps his Court at Innspruck. We left Innspruck on our right hand without going into it, having seen the archduke and his duchess (sister to the Duke of Florence) in Venice some ten days before. From hence, passing through the Tyrol some days journeys, without observing any remarkable thing, we passed at last over Mount Aquilare (covered with snow even at midsummer) and so struck down to the Rhine, and embarking upon it as soon as it was navigable, we passed over the Lake of Constance, entered into Constance (where the General Council of Constance was held), and from thence entering (by the Rhine still) into the country of the Switzers, we came to Schaffhausen, a Protestant canton and town. From thence we went down the river to Rhinfield, where John de Vert was taken prisoner, and from thence we came to Basle, of which by-and-bye more.

Another time we went from Italy into Germany by way of Milan and so to Como, where passing over the Lake of Como we entered into Switzerland, passed through Bellinzona, Altorf, Zug, over Mount Gothard, went to Baden where the baths are, from thence to Zurich, where we saw the arsenal, the library, the drinking-room where the townsmen meet daily (except Sundays) at two o'clock for to drink. The room is like a great hall full of tables to sit at, and the bell in the church steeple rings them duly thither. From thence we wandered up and down the country and came to Berne, another canton and town standing in a most fertile country; and from thence we went again to Basle, where we saw the room where the Council of Basle was held, the library, Erasmus his cup, which he called *poculum amoris*, and so away again down the river to Strasbourg.

This country of the Switzers is a Republic consisting of thirteen cantons, whereof eight are Catholic, four Protestant, and one mixed; yet their forces are so balanced, I mean the Catholics and Protestants,

that what the Catholics have in number of cantons, the Protestants have in number of people. When I passed that way they agreed all well together and conspired unanimously to defend their country and commonwealth. Their meeting place for the common Diets is Zurich, and in those assemblies they are bound not to talk of religion, lest falling out about it, they break that union by which they only subsist. Their former quarrels upon the change of religion made by the Protestants were the ruin almost of that Republic, therefore they have thought good to lay down all disputes of religion in their assemblies and public meetings, and all lay their heads and hands together to the preservation of their ancient liberty. The people of Switzerland like the rest of Germans are plain honest men. They are strong and big, because there is nothing little in that country, even to their beards, glasses, swords, hills, breeches, reckonings. They want a little more sun and wit, and therefore are more employed for porters than for secretaries in other countries. They hate plain robbing and thieving, yet they will pick the stranger's pocket and cut his purse with dear reckonings. They are chaste, if great drinkers can be chaste, and great drinkers I guessed them to be not only by their painted windows, where the man of the house is painted, with his musket or pike in his hand, and his wife presenting a great bowl of wine to him; but also by their horrible flutes or long glasses (half a yard long), or by their silver cups with strange tricks in them, to make men drink before they can drink them off; a strange madness to be so given to drink where precipices are so frequent, and where it is so scurvy going for men that have all their wit about them.

Taking our leave of Switzerland at Basle, in boats we went down the river Rhine to Holland and passed by these fine towns—Strasbourg, famous for its curious steeple and clock, held the best in Europe. The town is a free town and a fine one; it is handsome and yet strong; it hath curious walks about it and fine recreation places. The Lutherans are masters here, yet the Catholics have an open church or two. From hence we went to Brissac in Alsatia, a strong town in the hands of the French, and commanding all Alsatia. The Governor of it is the noble Count of Harcourt. The River Rhine running one side of it, and the rare fortifications guarding it on the other side, make it a place fit to dispute with the whole empire. We passed also by Philipsbourg, a town belonging to the Elector of Treves, but kept by a strong French garrison; the Elector himself being under the French protection. The town is very strong, yet the French lost it once for want of breaking the ice in winter, though they took it again since. We saw also Spire, an ancient town, and anciently a pretty town, but now hugely defaced with the last wars. The church is great and old rather than neat and handsome. In the cloister of it we saw the garden of Gethsemani perfectly expressed and our Saviour praying in it. We saw also here the imperial chamber of Spire, famous but not fine. Here at Spire and Smalcald was it that the Lutherans took the name of Protestants, by



reason of their protesting against the emperor's decrees and the Catholic religion. We passed also by Wörms, an ancient town, which also resented the war, and looked but rawly of it, and therefore we looked but as slightly at it and stayed but there three hours. We passed also by Coblenz, a handsome town, belonging to the Elector of Treves, who hath a stately house on the other side of the Rhine, and a strong castle on the top of the hill over his house called Hamerstein. We passed before Oppenheim, in the lower Palatinate; it stands upon the side of a hill exposed to sight, but also to the sight of cannoneers who have battered it much. It is under the jurisdiction of Prince Palatine of Rhine, who keeps his Court at Heidelberg, some few leagues from hence. We passed also by Bacharach, a little town famous even in England for the best Rhenish wine, and there we tasted of that liquor in its source and drunk at the tap. From hence we went towards Mayence, but in our way, meeting the great boat of Frankfort, we left our little boat and entered into that of Frankfort, we steered thither by the Maine. Frankfort is a noble Hanseatic town, famous over the world for the mart of books; but it not being mart-time when I was there, we saw many great magazines of merchandise of all countries, but all locked up. The better half of this town are Catholics, the rest are Lutherans, who baptize without the sign of the Cross. From Frankfort we returned again to our old river Rhine, and went to Mayence in one day with ease. Mayence or Mentz is the seat of the Archbishop and Elector of Mentz. The great church is old, but bare and raw. At the town's end we saw the palace of the Elector which he had begun to build anew after a stately manner, but war had stopped it by impoverishing the said Elector. In an inner court there they showed us upon the walls the measures and pictures of prodigious sturgeons, nine or ten foot long, which had been caught in the Rhine.

Below the town some miles our boatmen showed us a tower, which stands in the midst of the river, and which they called the tower of Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, where say they he was devoured by rats, for having caused many poor people whom he called rats, good for nothing but to eat corn, to be shut up in a barn and there to be burned. But Serarius, a learned Jesuit of this country, in his history of Mayence, proves this to be a fable, by a dozen arguments or proofs. From hence we came down to Cologne or Colonia Agrippina, so called from Agrippa Nero's mother, who sent thither a colony, the town before that time being called Ubii. It is now a stately town and one of the best in Germany. It was threatened but not touched in the Swedish wars. It is an electoral seat of the Archbishop of Cologne. It is rich, fair, populous, and devout, hence it is called *Colonia Sancta*; the great church is not so handsome as its canons are noble, being all counts. Behind the high altar we saw the tomb and heads (the very bare heads) of the Three Kings or sages of the East, who came to adore our Saviour in Bethelhem. Their bodies were translated first to Milan, where in St. Ambrose his Church (or St. Eustorge's) we yet see the great

stone tomb<sup>2</sup> in a chapel, in which their bodies reposed before they were translated again to Colonia. At Cologne also we saw the tombs of a number of St. Ursula's companions and her own too, with a world of heads and bones piled up within the wall of the inside of the Church (of St. Ursula) and covered with glass before them. Here, in fine, I saw Mr. Adrian Walenburch, a learned canon of the great church, whose books gave me a great desire to see him, and his sight got me another of his books, which he civilly gave without asking. He is a most candid and studious man, worthy to be visited by all strangers, but that he is worthy of a higher dignity and not like to stay there always. Some go from Cologne to Brussels landway, by Liége, but we continued down the river still, and went into Holland, or Low Germany, passing by Rais, Skinkinscons, Rhinberg, Wesel (strong neat places held by the Hollanders), and so to Arnheim, a neat sweet town in Gueldres, where leaving the River Rhine, which had been our coach for three weeks' space and above, we went by waggon to Utrecht and from thence (by the cut channel) to Amsterdam.

Having thus described my journey through Germany, I will now describe the humours of the people, their strength, religion, and their commendable qualities. And first for their qualities, they are famous over all Europe for their great handicraft works, as watches, clocks, guns, and the like. Hence the Italians say of the Germans, *that they have their wit in their fingers' ends*. Albertus Magnus made a brazen head speak. Regiomontanus made a wooden eagle fly out of Nuremberg, and meet the Emperor half a mile off, and then return hovering over his head, and as it were conducting him to the town. The same also made a wooden fly fly round about a whole table of guests, and come at last to repose upon the hand of the master of the feast. In fine they were Germans that first invented printing and guns, the first being found out by John Guttenberg, a soldier; and guns by Berchtoldus Swargius, a Franciscan friar, a strange thing, and a man would think unsuitable, for a religious man to find out instruments of war, and for a soldier to find out printing, the instrument of gownmen, if it were not an emblem to signify, that arms ought to defend religion, and that the heroical actions of soldiers stand in need of learning and books for to Homerize them to posterity. I observed also that the Germans are great philosophers, I mean great lovers of learning, for so St. Augustine understands the word philosopher. And I scarce ever saw a gentleman of that nation but he could speak Latin handsomely,<sup>3</sup> had some knowledge in the civil law, and had read his Botero or some other author of policy. Nay, I promised some gentlemen of our company (taking care in Italy how we should do in Germany for want of that language) that I would find them men hosts

<sup>2</sup> With a great star upon it, showing us that their bodies who were guided by a star were there buried.

<sup>3</sup> One only I met withal who could not speak Latin, and he was a knight of the Teutonic order.



in Germany and servants in the inns who should speak Latin; and I performed my promise. Nay, I have not only given alms to old men begging in Latin, but have been once or twice entreated to help to part two German gentlemen fighting in good Latin, having fallen out in good drink. I cannot tell what makes the Germans so given to Latin and studies, especially having a noble and original tongue of their own, unless it be the esteem which some of their princes have had of learning and learned men, which makes them all fly at this game. For it is certain that Charles the Fifth, their greatest Emperor, honoured learning and learned men so much, that finding himself in Louvain, he gave the right hand to the Rector of the University, and another time being in Flushing, and talking with Seldius, a great civilian, something late, at his departure would needs light him down himself and carry the candle before him, adding a compliment to boot, and saying: "Suffer, suffer, O Seldius, that he once light thee down, whom thou hast so often by thy wise counsels, lighted in his obscurest affairs."

They are faithful and trusty people. Hence most Princes of Europe have Germans for their guards, as the Pope, the King of France, the great Duke of Florence, and others. And thus their faithfulness hath begotten a proverb in French: *Que la parole d'un Allemand vaut bien une obligation*—"That a German's word is as good as a bond." They are also a modest and a chaste people. Insomuch that in some places they exclude bastards not only from degrees in colleges but even from freedoms in trades: and in detestation of impurity, they bring in a new irregularity which excludes men from being shoemakers and tailors. Now this chastity in men begets loyalty in their wives, and makes them not only faithful and loyal but ever kind and loving to their husbands. Witness that never to be forgotten history of the women of Winsperg related by historians thus: "While the Emperor Conradus the Third besieged Winsperg (which held for the faction of the Guelphs against him) he brought it at last to such a capitulation, that he permitted the women only of the town to depart out of it and carry away with them upon their backs whatsoever they held most precious of all that they had: meaning their clothes and trinkets. But the good women, knowing no ornaments so dear to them as their husbands, nor no jewels so precious as their children, trussed up their husbands upon their backs, and their children in their arms, and marched out to the astonishment of the Emperor, who, moved by this stratagem of conjugal love, pardoned the city for these brave women's sakes, and commanded them to go unlade themselves again at their own houses." Nor was this all, for as this brave act of German women saved their town from sacking, so this story saved the life of Lorenzo dei' Medici, who took such a sensible delight in hearing this story read to him in his sickness, that he began presently to recover that health of body which no physicians could procure him: so wholesome thing is it to read history. This chastity or lovingness of wives towards their

husbands is not only commended by historians, but even blessed from heaven too with that great blessing of marriages, numerosity of issue. Hence Germany abounds in people, and families in children. I will instance in a few only, by which we may guess at the rest. In Eutingua, a sweet place near the Duchy of Wirtemberg, lived heretofore five gentlemen with their wives, all at once, and among them they had a hundred children: some of them having twenty, some twenty-one, some eighteen, some more. Camerarius, a German, in his historical meditations, speaketh of a gentlewoman which saw the sixth generation from her. Hence these verses—

Mater ait Natæ, dic Natæ, Filia, Natam  
Ut monent, Natæ plangere Filiolam.

Famous also in this kind is the story of Babo, Count of Abensperg, who of two wives had thirty-two sons and eight daughters. This Count being summoned (with the other Counts of the Emperor) by the Emperor, Henry the Second, to meet him at a public hunting and to bring only one servant apiece, by reason of the scarceness of lodging, but not stinting the number of the children they should bring with them, he took with him indeed but one servant, but all his sons, and so went to the rendezvous. The Emperor, seeing him come with such a train, frowned on him at first, but was soon pacified by this compliment of the Count: "Sacred Cæsar," said he, "I come according to your command, with one servant only to wait upon your sacred Majesty, the rest whom you see here are all my sons, and I have brought them with me to make them your servants. I bestow them, therefore, freely upon your sacred Majesty as an ornament to to you in time of peace, and a guard to you in time of war. The lads are ingenious, and I have so bred them as I hope they will not only be worthy of your acceptance, but be useful to your crown and sceptre." The Emperor much pleased with this cavalier's present, and giving them his hand to kiss, called them his sons, and provided for them nobly.

This numerosity of children and the customs of the country, which makes all the sons of a count, counts, and all their daughters countesses, makes Germany full of nobility. And it is no wonder if it be full of nobility, seeing it is full of great Princes, to wit, the Seven Electors (now Eight), to wit, the Archbishop of Mayence, the Archbishop of Cologne, the Bishop of Treves, the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Saxony, the Duke of Bavaria, the Palatine of Rhine, the Marquis of Brandenburg. Then the other great Princes, as the Archduke of Austria, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Duke of Wirtemberg, the Duke of Luneburg, the Duke of Neuberg, the Duke of Brunswick, the Marquis of Baden, and many others, who meeting all at public Diets with the Emperor, make the Emperor's Court look like a heaven, where the Emperor resembling the sun, the Empress the moon, the Seven Electors the planets, the other princes and nobility the innumerable stars, ravish with admiration all that behold them. So that if there

were a country whose towns were frequent and all built like the palaces of Italy, whose Bishops were all like the Bishops of Spain, whose nobility were all like the Princes of Germany, and whose farmers in the country were all like English farmers, it would be a rich, strong, gallant, and virtuous country, and far put down Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, and Burton's whimsical design of a Commonwealth.

But the great prerogative of Germany, and which gets it the start of all other countries, is the seat of the Empire which for many ages hath planted itself in Germany. This Emperor Ferdinand the Third is of the house of Austria, a house full of none but gallant and worthy princes: witness the thirteen Emperors which it hath given to Germany, and those all good ones and great ones. Insomuch that one saith of this house, that, *in the house of Austria we have neither heard or read of any tyrant*. It became thus blessed and prospered from heaven, by the piety of the Count of Hapsburg of this family, who meeting by chance a country parish priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a sick man in a village, lighting off his horse, set the priest upon him, and followed him afoot, with such devotion and humility that he drew down upon his family a blessing of exaltation which has lasted these two hundred years almost.

The language of the Germans is one of the first radical and mother-tongues in Europe. It is so ancient that an honest German said that it was spoken in Paradise, and good Abraham Ortelius believes him. English is but a kind of dialect of it, as Englishmen are but another sort of Germans, said a Cardinal lately of our countrymen. Their language, looks, hair, statue, humour, vices, and heresies are very like one another. As for the strength of the Emperor, it is not great enough to do anything abroad, and at home he is strong enough for any one prince, and by the assistance of the Catholic Electors, he is too hard for the Protestant Electors alone: as it appeared in the late wars, where the Emperor struggled even against the Swedes and French too, but then he was assisted by Spain, with whose interests his also are twisted, and if he could but win all the Catholic Electors to his interests, he need not fear anything from the others.

As for the religion of the Emperor it hath always been Roman Catholic, even since the Empire came into Germany. It is true some Emperors heretofore have traversed the Popes and made schisms, but the face of religion even in these times was Catholic: and those very Emperors coming to themselves again have asked pardon and been restored again to communion. In later times, they have all been most constant and pious Catholics. The whole country itself is not so now, being torn in pieces by Luther's heresies, which let in Calvinism into some parts of it, some men thinking it as lawful to choose Calvinism as Lutheranism. But of this subject, more by-and-bye in "Germany dispraised." In the meantime I cannot but complain of Germany in general, that having received her faith and conversion to Christianity from Englishmen, by the preaching of St. Boniface (otherwise called

St. Winfred) who converted there a hundred thousand Gentiles or Pagans, yet she should requite us so ill as to pervert our country, eight hundred years after, from that Christianity and faith, by sending among us Bucer and Luther's doctrine, whereby five hundred thousands have prevaricated from that religion which both St. Boniface professed, and had been planted there nine hundred years before by St. Gregory's and St. Austin's means. But complaints are almost calumnies, when faults are punished: and Germany hath been so scourged since for her prevarication that if it be not piety to pity her, it is modesty at least not to triumph over her.

Hitherto we have seen what may be said in the praise of Germany. Now we will say something in his dispraise.

And first, for that which it brags so much of, to wit, the Imperial seat: it is so dismembered with divisions of religion at home, and revolts abroad, that it hath nothing that esteem which heretofore it had. Many of the Electors had rather give to others, than take it to themselves. France thinks her King a greater prince than the Emperor; and an Emperor himself, yet in his sound senses, chose rather to make his son King of Spain than Emperor of Germany, which he resigned to his brother. Indeed Italy acknowledgeth him no more. The Switzers have cantonized themselves and lopped themselves quite off from him. The great princes of Germany, like sluices cut of the main river of the Empire, have drained the great channel almost dry. The Lutherans, having seized on many towns of the Empire, yield the Emperor but half obedience, and the late Swedish wars have so weakened his forces, that the German eagle is almost quite deplumed. Goldastus, a German, writes, how that since the time of Rodolph the First, the Emperor hath lost two hundred seats and dignities honoured with the titles of archbishoprics, bishoprics, duchies, principalities, abbeys, land-gravates, cities, and other such-like titles, which all heretofore used to swear obedience and allegiance to him, but now are departed from that obedience. Which divisions and dismembering of Germany both in state and religion, as they weaken the Empire much at home, so they weaken the reputation of Germany much abroad. Hence Ibrahim, the Turks' Ambassador, being at Frankfort at the election of the Emperor Maximilian the Second, and being asked his opinion concerning the power of Germany, whose several electors and princes he had there seen, answered that he doubted nothing of the power of Germany if it were united, but as he perceived the minds of the Germans to be distracted, Germany seemed to him to be like a beast with many heads and many tails, which being driven through a hedge, one head runs one way through one passage, another through another, and so every one taking through a several passage, they all stick fast by the tails at last, and are not able to go on. "Whereas, my master," said he, "like a beast with one head and many tails, wheresoever he gets his head through makes the tails slip through after it with ease." And not only the Turks' Ambassador thus jeered the division of the Germans, but even Christians

too did it, to wit, John Gamsiski, Chancellor of Polonia, who writ, *that the Germans in their Diets, conclude only this, to dissent from their former Diets.* Which dissenting of Diet from Diet made Charles the Fifth say, that the Diets in Germany were like vipers, *for as the young viper always kills its mother, so posterior Diets do nothing but undo what former Diets had established.*

But no division of interests of princes or State faction ever cost Germany so dear as the division of religion, which like a Pandora's box poured out all those miseries, which have almost turned the Church into a churchyard and Germany into a great butcher's shambles. Luther was (as he calls himself in a letter) this Erostratus which set the Church and his country on fire. And upon his opening of the gap of schism and heresy, in ran the Zuinglians, the Calvinists, the Anabaptists, the Swengfeldians, the Osiandrians, &c., who catching and plucking the Church of Germany to themselves every one, have of them together used her as the several cities of Greece used Telesius the Conqueror in the Olympic games, plucking him in sunder, while each one strove to pluck him to themselves. Thus religion is torn to pieces by the Germans. Provinces differ from provinces; cities from cities in one and the same province; families from families in one and the same city; and brothers from their own brothers, in one and the same family. Nay, some of the German Protestants are so fickle, as well as divided in their religion, that they use their religion as they do their clothes, and like it no longer than it is new. Hear how Rhetwizus, a Protestant, paints out his countrymen and fellow sectaries, saying: *This age is fruitful in new sects, and the faith of princes and subjects is grown mighty ambulatory and changeable. And by the contagion of the age we almost use our religions as we do our clothes, which if they be not daily new please us no longer.*

As for the chastity of the Germans, I would it were universal. Indeed the coldness of the country helps to it, but neither all Germans, nor all Germany, stand clear in this point and without suspicion, as the Emperor's daughter and country ought to do. And for the country itself, the baths of Baden were famous anciently for infamous assemblies. Poggio the Florentine calls them Epicurean baths whither people used to come two hundred miles off, *non tam valetudinis quam voluptatis causa*—for pleasure's sake, rather than for health's sake. Women too, saith Poggio, flock hither, too many whereof feign diseases of their bodies, when they are only sick in soul. Add to this, that it is hard keeping of chastity and modesty where is so much drinking, and modesty is never so near being thawed in the mind as when hot wines are poured into the body. This being so, let the Germans leave their drinking and we may believe them to be modest, otherwise while they court thus the mother we may a little suspect them to have a mind to the daughter. Now, that the Germans are too much given to drink is a proverbial truth. It is their favourite vice, and they are the inventors of flutes and long glasses, as well as of clocks and long guns. A yard of wine is but an ordinary health here. Nay, they are not content to practice this



vice at home, they have taught it to others abroad too. For the Germans taught the Flemings to drink, saith Scribanus, and the Flemings the English, saith Camden, ergo the Germans are our *grandfathers* or *grandmothers* in drinking. Hence the Duke of Rohan calls Germany *La buvette universelle*; and affirms that the perpetual motion, so much sought after philosophers, is nowhere to be found but in Germany, where the glasses never stand still. One drinks to you, and when he hath done, sends you his glass full, you must do him reason, and so send it to another, he so to another, and it comes about and about again, every man thinking it an affront not to do reason and have reason done him. Thus the poor glasses walk round as long as there is any wine in the house or wind in the guests, and reason is quite drowned, drowned by doing reason. For my part, I think I should not miscall Germany if I should call it the *buttery-hatch* of Europe or Nature's *Tavern*. For never saw I such inventions to make men drink, nor such instruments to drink withal as these. In one place, I saw a great silver bowl with windmill sails at the side of it and a little pipe of silver on the other side, answering to those sails, through which, blowing hard, they must make those sails turn fast, and drink of the bowl of wine while they are turning. He that doth not drink of the bowl of wine before the sails stand still, must have it filled again and try his wind again, and if he fail again, must try again and so *toties quoties* till he have neither wind nor wit left him. This is not to drink, so much as to pour in wine; nor to pour in wine, so much as to tumble it down. Poor men! as if wine could not be thrown away but through man's body.<sup>4</sup> In other places, I saw them serve up a loaf of bread sliced thwart and cross way, with pepper and salt thrown into the slices. It is prodigious to see how they have thus found out a way to have thirst for wine, while they have no place for wine. Nay, to make this vice more pardonable by the multiplicity of offenders, they have gilded it with the mask of honour; and whereas the Romans passed through the temple of *virtue* for to go into the temple of *honour*, the Germans will pass through the *tavern* unto *honour* and hold that no man can be valiant but he that is a drunkard.

It is not I that feign this of them, it is their countryman that affirms this, saying: *Nemo apud eos censetur bellicosus, nisi sit et ebriosus*; that is, a man cannot pass among them for a great soldier, except he be a great drunkard, and that to do something above man, a man must be transported out of man by drink. Strange madness! As if that which layeth a man open to danger were that which defends him best from it, and that to become a brave man indeed, a man must throw away that which makes him a man, reason. In earnest, is not this to let down honour and valour exceedingly, to let them thus down into the cellar and put them under the protection of vice? God bless valour from that poor condition, that she must be forced to fly to vice for succour. And the Germans that are of this opinion will hardly persuade me their courage

<sup>4</sup> *Quasi vinum effundi non posset, nisi per humanum corpus* (Pliny).



is pure, which is drawn from the tap and dregs of wine. Poets indeed, as they come near pots in name, so they often spright themselves up into a poetical fury by a pot-fury. Old grandfather Ennius *non nisi potus ad arma prosiliit*, and where *mota mens* is necessary, reeling legs will serve the turn. But in war, where *semel tantum peccatur*, a man had so much the more need to have all his wits about him. Which makes me that I wonder not that *Eobanus*, a Hessian poet, drunk healths in a bucket, and won a gold ring thrown into a bucket of wine by drinking off the wine;<sup>5</sup> but I wonder at three sisters of Suevehallon, who drunk up thirty-two bottles of wine among them; at him whom Camerarius affirms to have drunk up twenty-eight bottles alone, and most of all at the low-mindedness of the Emperor Wincleslaus, who said that if the sacking of Italy were given to him, he would give the spoil of other things to his soldiers, and keep only the spoil of wine to himself, and that if any man should go into his cellars without his leave he would kill him. What could a hog (were he Emperor) say more?

What an odd thing is it for Germans to let themselves to every prince for money, and carry their lives to market! Good vendible souls, they will follow any war, where there is money to be got, and for a little sixpence of money will expose themselves to the great iron bullets of cannon and the lead ones of muskets, otherwise *point gill, point Suisse*.

The Germans are not so learned in their books as painful. Their books are ordinarily, rhapsodies, miscellanies, centos, patched up things; and I have heard of some among them who have left their books, which they had been puzzling on thirty years together, to be ended by their children; while one Frenchman of my acquaintance in thirty years' space writ and printed above fourscore books in all sizes but folio, and almost on all subjects.

In fine, as for the inventions of guns and printing, the Germans owe that honour to the Chinese, who had them long before we heard of them in Europe; and for clocks and watches and such like nimble-fingered trades, they have got the Germans only this commendation, that "they have more wit in their fingers than in their heads."

<sup>5</sup> It was pity but that ring should have been fastened to this swine's nose.

## *The Schools of Charles the Great.*<sup>1</sup>

FOR many years the study of Ecclesiastical History has in this country been entirely neglected; so that, as has been pointed out by a great living writer, the only one of our more modern authors who seems to have formed anything like a real acquaintance with this important branch of literature, is the sceptical Gibbon. Christianity has been treated at the best as a philosophy—more generally as an æsthetic or emotive product—never as an historic, an objective fact. Now, however, it would appear that the tide is turning. The comparatively recent establishment of a Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, the English versions of standard works upon this subject which have successively appeared in Bohn's Ecclesiastical and Antiquarian Libraries, and other similar indications of awakened interest, all point in one direction. The public mind is beginning to be dissatisfied with the ignorance of past years, and is bracing itself to the task of investigating the religion of Christ as the pivot on which turns *de facto* the real history of modern civilization and of progressive thought.

It is for this reason that we may almost welcome a contribution such as Mr. Mullinger has made in the present essay to the stock of general information. It is in some sort an addition to our modern store; and, if we may judge by the labour which its author has bestowed upon it, has been for him evidently a work of love. He has collected much interesting detail, and has done his best, so far as the bias of his opinions would permit, to promote the move in the direction of such studies. When, then, we are compelled to say that he has utterly failed as an historian and that his work is an *Essay* in the most literal meaning of the term, it will not, we trust, be supposed that we intend to cast any slur upon his motives or efforts.

But the literary principles, which seem to have guided Mr. Mullinger in the treatment of his subject, would of themselves incapacitate him for the office of an historian, whose great aim it should be to represent facts *as they are*, independently of private conceits or theories. These latter must be left to take care of themselves; unvarnished facts are the staple of true history. We want no painting,—no dexterous or undexterous manipulation,—no pathetic gloss or interjected prejudice,—no

<sup>1</sup> *The Schools of Charles the Great.* By J. Bass Mullinger, M.A. London: Longmans, Green and Co.

broidery of the imagination,—no hap-hazard conjecture. It is for the same reason that philosophical histories, as they may be called, are a delusion and a snare ; for facts under such treatment yield to theory, not theory to facts. We confess to no predilection for annals after they have passed through the alembic of other people's brains ; the simple facts of themselves are enough for us, and we prefer to distil them, if they are to be distilled, in our own laboratory. Now Mr. Mullinger is essentially *viewy*; and his views acquire an awkward prominence in his Essay. In the very Preface he introduces us to "those contending principles,—the conservative, the progressive, and the speculative—which, save in the darkest times, have rarely since ceased to be apparent in the great centres of our higher education."<sup>2</sup> It may be that there is an esoteric meaning, perhaps of German origin, in this enumeration of contending principles ; but to ourselves, who are among the uninitiated, it looks very like what Logicians call a cross division. For, assuming the words in their ordinary signification, it is a difficulty to understand how *principles* (whether conservative or progressive, matters little,) can be other than speculative. So, again, he borrows from Ethnology the trite distinction between the Semitic and Aryan races, in order to bolster up some preconceived idea touching supposed divergencies of Eastern from Western Christianity. In like manner he seems bent on tracing the temporary differences between the Celtic and Roman Churches to varieties of race ; and possessed with these fancies, he has accommodated in most important points his facts to his theory, as will be seen presently. There is a fatal propensity in such writers to indulge in the rashest form of induction. One single fact, or supposed fact will serve as foundation for a *view*, though there be a thousand other facts that contradict it. Hayward in his edition of Mrs. Piozzi's autobiography thus illustrates this malady in the instance of Lord Macaulay. "'Action, action,' says the orator ; 'effect, effect, effect,' says the historian. . . . Give Lord Macaulay a hint, an insulated fact, or phrase, a scrap of a journal, or the tag end of a song ; and on it, by the abused prerogative of genius, he would construct a theory of national or personal character, which should confer undying glory or inflict indelible disgrace." Such a process is always hurtful at the best ; but it becomes peculiarly distasteful, when there is no such prerogative of genius to excuse it.

But our Essayist has unconsciously carried this manipulation of his subject much further in a more dangerous direction. Apparently under the guidance of modern German criticism, he has essayed to measure the great Christian Church of eighteen centuries by the foot-rule of a rationalistic Philosophy. He would seem never to have entered within the porch of that Temple which he intends to delineate ; but sits aloft upon a hill, and does not then give us even a mercator's projection, but a fanciful figure, seen through his own kaleidoscope. He has never grasped the supernatural as a barely possible fact. It does not enter

<sup>2</sup> P. viii.

once into his calculations. Accordingly his sympathies are patently enlisted on the side of those who, like Scotus Erigena, have fallen under Ecclesiastical censures; while the luminaries of the Church, such as Cassian, the Venerable Bede, Alcuin, and others, are submitted to the unvarying process of "damning with faint praise."

It remains to justify these criticisms by a reference to the pages of the Essay. The main scope, as the title sufficiently explains, is to furnish the reader with a true and sufficient picture of the education afforded in the Church's schools under the reign of Charlemagne. But the author has wandered from his professed theme in two important particulars. In an introductory chapter he has given a digest of educational appliances prior to that epoch: and throughout the Essay he has dealt parenthetically with the doctrine and discipline of the Church.

We propose to chronicle some of his faults of omission and commission in both these subjects; and his treatment of the question of education shall occupy us first.

It is matter for surprise that one who professes to sketch, however briefly, the state of education in the early Church, should have ignored the paramount influence which St. Augustine had upon the Christian Schools, and the information, to be gathered from his earlier writings, touching the tone of thought and method of teaching which prevailed in his day. The Bishop of Hippo holds the same place in the Patristic, that the Angelic Doctor does in the Mediæval Church; and the writings of both have continued up to the present hour to leaven the teaching of Catholic Universities with an enduring vitality to which no other uninspired writings can pretend. If Mr. Mullinger had visited the Cassian villa in the neighbourhood of Milan, and had accompanied the illustrious Catechumen down to his *salle de conférence* in the grounds; where, surrounded by his pupils and with his saintly mother for an occasional auditor, he was wont to dispute on the most momentous and deepest questions of Philosophy,—if he had returned to the house with the Collegians, made acquaintance with the character and literary tastes of its inmates and studied their mode of life; it can hardly be questioned that his judgment as to the education of those times would have been greatly modified. For this villa must have been a reflex of the schools of Milan, where St. Augustine had been Professor of Rhetoric, till forced to resign by reason of a chronic indigestion.

When our author proceeds to depict the education of the Christian Schools in the age of Cassian, errors not so much of omission as of commission multiply. He brings two principal charges against it, the first of which shall be given in his own words. "In the unreserved subjection of learning to exclusively religious ends and its absorption in an ulterior purpose, was proclaimed the divorce of the literary from the religious spirit. The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, the disinterested devotion of the intellectual powers to philosophy and speculation, was no longer recognized as commendable or even permis-

sible. 'Il n'y a plus de littérature désintéressée,' says Guizot, 'plus de littérature véritable.'<sup>3</sup>

The first sentence in this Decretal needs a little explanation. For it strikes one as somewhat abnormal, that the absorption of one thing by another should be efficacious in proclaiming a divorce between the two. Turning, however, from this verbal criticism, we are compelled to ask ourselves, What is the author's drift? Does he complain that the several Sciences and Disciplines were not allowed to claim an absolute independence of each other, but were considered as forming one orderly hierarchy, wherein the inferior would receive its first principles from the superior science and all would be subject in a way to the Queen of Sciences? In such sense the charge is undoubtedly true. But then it is singularly narrow to arraign the Christian Schools for the adoption in education of principles which Aristotle has accepted as axiomatic. But our author may mean that the Church during the period to which he refers did not allow metaphysic and the other sciences an autonomy within their own spheres of truth. If this be the right interpretation of his words, we can only say that the accusation is made without substantiating proof and that its best refutation is to be found in a careful study of Patristic literature.

The second complaint that Mr. Mullinger brings against Cassian and the influence which his writings exercised on the education of his time, is this; that he advocated a "theory of the right method of arriving at Divine Truth," by means of fasting, prayer, and meditation, which led him to "cast aside the commentators," and to advocate the existence of different senses in the Sacred Scriptures, among which senses the literal is considered by him to hold the lowest place. This theory of Cassian can be conspicuously traced to "the influence of his oriental experiences."<sup>4</sup> Now, there never was a Father, Doctor, Commentator, or Saint of the Catholic Church either in East or West at any epoch in her history, who has not accepted the aforesaid theory as a self-evident principle; and Aristotle in his Ethical treatises repeatedly enforces a similar idea in the natural order as regards the comprehension of Moral Truth. But that Cassian rejected himself, or influenced his subjects to reject, the only Commentators then in existence, is a strange mistake. In his Collations he insists in the strongest manner on the necessity of a Doctor's guidance in the study of the Divine Science, warns his monks against the peril of private interpretation, and exhorts them "to follow in the footsteps of the ancients"—*Seniorum vestigia subsequentes*.<sup>5</sup> The writer seems to suppose that the maintenance of a diversity of senses is likewise due to the Oriental proclivities of Cassian. But if we are concerned to trace this principle of hermeneutics to its source, it is in the Sacred Scriptures themselves that we shall discover it. No one would venture to maintain that, when St. Matthew applied the words of Osee, "Out of Egypt have I called my son,"<sup>6</sup> to our Lord's return from that country, he was giving the literal sense of

<sup>3</sup> P. 32.

<sup>4</sup> Pp. 27, 28.

<sup>5</sup> Coll. ii. c. 11.

<sup>6</sup> St. Matt. ii. 15.

the Prophet's prediction; or that, when St. Paul twice proves the duty of the laity to support their clergy by quoting from the law of Moses, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn,"<sup>7</sup> he was offering his readers the literal meaning of the precept. Further, if it be a question touching the actual employ of these mystical meanings in the interpretation of Scripture, the palm must be given to the Western Church. In the East, the Alexandrian School was more addicted to it than the Antiochene; but if we want to discover an exuberance in such treatment, we must go to the writings of St. Ambrose, of St. Augustine and his disciples, or of St. Gregory the Great. Dr. Lingard, in fact, traces the prevalence of such interpretation in the Western Church to the influence of St. Gregory's writings, though his statement must be taken *cum grano salis*: "Of the Fathers," he says, "St. Gregory indulges the most frequently in allegorical interpretations. Gratitude taught the Saxons to admire and imitate his writings. They adopted his mode of explication; and as France and Germany received from them their most eminent teachers, they introduced it among the learned of those countries, by whom it was universally followed for several centuries."<sup>8</sup> The fact is, that the principle of a diversity of senses in the inspired Scriptures has been universally recognized in the Christian Church from the beginning until now; and it rests upon the fact that the Word of God is not like the words of men, so that the Bible cannot be safely treated as a philologist or student would be justified in treating his Herodotus or Livy.

Turn we now to our author's appreciation of the teaching of Alcuin and of the educational proficiency which is to be attributed to the commencement of the Carlovingian times. It was only natural that he should preface this the avowed object of his essay by a reference to the Anglo-Saxon Schools and, in particular, to that celebrated School of York, in which Alcuin had been educated. It was equally natural that he should refer to the acknowledged influence of St. Gregory the Great, the Apostle of England, on the caste of thought in those Schools. But his picture has not the distant resemblance of even a caricature. He would fain persuade us that, because this great Pope imagined the end of all things to be near, he discouraged the transcription of Pagan literature,—limited education to the study of the Scriptures and of Church ritual,—principally insisted on works of spiritual and corporal mercy, for "These, and these alone, were the occupations which either the crisis could warrant or the conscience sanction."<sup>9</sup> We are further told that "in no country, not even in Italy itself, did Gregory's influence find more unhesitating acceptance than in England;"<sup>10</sup> that "of the authority of the Gregorian tradition, as the recognised canon of lawful learning in the English monasteries and schools of the seventh and eighth centuries, there can be not the

<sup>7</sup> 1 Cor. ix. 9; 1 Tim. v. 18.

<sup>8</sup> *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, ch. x. t. ii. p. 164.

<sup>9</sup> P. 54.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibidem*.



slightest doubt."<sup>11</sup> The school of York is made to appear as a conspicuous instance of this influence, on the strength of a quotation that is quite beside the mark; and the Venerable Bede is mentioned by name as a chief promoter of this supposed canon of lawful learning. Therefore in these Anglo-Saxon Schools classical literature was discouraged; nothing was taught but exegesis and Ritual.

But Mr. Mullinger is straightway confronted with an imperfect catalogue of the books in the library of York as given to us in the Latin poem of Alcuin. Pagan authors appear in abundance. There are Pliny, Aristotle, Cicero, Virgil, Lucan, and others. He passes this fact by in a few paragraphs of depreciatory criticism, and fastens on three of the list, Boethius, Cassiodorus, and St. Isidore, over the supposed meagreness of whose intellectual attainments he sings a triumph. Whether the pages of the first named writer contain "only a slight modicum of school learning,"<sup>12</sup> we confidently leave to the better judgment of the student. Let him examine Boetius' disquisition on the hypothetical syllogism and he will find, if we mistake not, a completeness in this branch of Logical science which he will search for in vain among our modern writers.

Be this, however, as it may, let us see if the evidence supplied by the fragments of history connected with these times, corresponds with the picture presented to us by this writer. St. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the latter half of the seventh century, brought to England a MS. of Homer, for the Canterbury library, "which was so beautifully written, as scarcely to be equalled by any other manuscript, or," as Godwin adds, "printed copy." Dr. Lingard gives us the following description of the literary enthusiasm of our forefathers at this epoch, excited mainly by the zeal and learning of Theodore and Adrian. "The children of the Thanes educated in the neighbouring monasteries, imbibed an early respect, if not a passion, for literature: several of the princes condescended to study those sciences, on which their barbarous, but victorious fathers, had trampled with contempt; and others by rewards and donations, endeavoured to distinguish themselves as the patrons of the learned. Even the women caught the general enthusiasm; seminaries of learning were established in their convents; they conversed with their ancient friends in the language of ancient Rome; and frequently exchanged the labours of the distaff and the needle, for the more pleasing and more elegant beauties of the Latin poets." He adds in a note to this passage, "St. Aldhelm wrote his treatise, *De laudibus virginitatis*, for the use of the Abbess Hildelith and her nuns. The style, in which it is composed, shows that, if he wished them to understand it, he must have considered them as no mean proficient in the Latin language. From this treatise we learn, that nuns were accustomed to read the Pentateuch, the books of the Prophets, and the New Testament, with the commentaries of the ancient fathers . . . profane history, chronology, grammar, orthography, also

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>12</sup> P. 61.

employed their attention."<sup>13</sup> Dr. Lingard gives several instances in proof of his assertion. Were, then, the physical sciences wholly ignored? "A treatise on Cosmography was sold to Aldfrid, King of Northumbria, for an estate of eight hides of land." "Among the philosophical treatises ascribed to Bede there are two" (acknowledged as such by himself) "commented by Bridferth, the learned monk of Ramsey, which are undoubtedly genuine, and from which may be formed a satisfactory notion of the proficiency of our ancestors in astronomical and physical knowledge."<sup>14</sup> To compare such knowledge with the advancements of modern discovery, would be obviously unjust: yet it is worthy of remark that Bede pronounces decidedly in favour of the earth's rotundity, and divines the cause for the phenomena of tides from observing the correspondence between these and the motions of the moon. Dr. Lingard gives interesting proofs of the accurate care and constancy with which astronomical observations were wont to be made in these English Schools.

In presence of such facts, our readers will be in a condition to estimate at its true value the following parenthetical sneer of the Essayist. "Had Alcuin," *i.e.*, the distinguished scholar and professor of the school in York, "on his first arrival, been placed at the head of the monastery at Tours" (he never was a monk to the day of his death) "his instruction there, it is easy to see, would have been confined within far narrower limits. But the circle which he found himself called upon to instruct at Charles' Court craved for something more than to learn to chant, read Latin, and calculate the return of Easter."<sup>15</sup> We presume that Mr. Mullinger intends in this preposterous innuendo to give what he considers to be a faithful historical representation of the education common in the Christian schools at that time; but we are equally confident that among the real students of our ecclesiastical annals he stands alone in his belief.

He is not, however, contented with safe generalities; for he has committed himself to a particular criticism of Alcuin's writings. And it is here he can be caught. We shall only trouble ourselves or our readers with one specimen; and upon that we shall rely as affording more than sufficient ground for the suspicion that our Essayist has forgotten the invaluable advice of Horace,

—versate diu quid ferre recusent

Quid valeant humeri.

He has undertaken to show that Alcuin was not a metaphysician and that he was guilty of contradictions. To do so, he takes Alcuin's doctrine touching substance and accident. It is, of course, a great point to be able to show that the Professor was in disaccord with, and consequently ignorant of, the teaching of Aristotle on this matter, so he favours us by way of exordium with a summary of the Stagyrte philosophy. "At the commencement of the categories," says Mr. Mullinger, "he defines οὐσία or substance, as essentially the

<sup>13</sup> *Antiq. of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, t. ii. p. 157.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibidem*, p. 176.

<sup>15</sup> P. 70.

property of the individual ; so far from being, as Plato held, a universal, it was simply that which furnished the primary notion of *being*, as the *substratum* of the individual." <sup>16</sup> Now we would defy any writer to embrace within the limits of one short sentence such a congeries of blunders. Imagine Aristotle defining substance to be a property, which is in its very nature an accident. This is the first blunder. Then again, so far is Aristotle from identifying substance with the individual, that he divides substances into *first* and *second* substances ; and all *second* substances are universals. This is blunder the second. Moreover, this writer makes the palmary distinction between Plato and Aristotle to consist in the fact of the former holding substance to be a universal, while the latter held it to be individual. Both Plato and Aristotle held alike that substance was equally the one and the other. They differed in this, that Plato gave to universals an objective and independent existence, while Aristotle maintained that they were subjective concepts, founded however in reality. This is blunder the third. Aristotle has never said that substance exclusively furnishes the primary notion of Being, since such concept is common to substance and accident, being one of the Transcendentals. This is blunder the fourth. Aristotle has never made any observation so absurd as that substance is the substratum of the individual ; though he has said, and most truly, that substance is the substratum of the accidents. Does Mr. Mullinger imagine that, according to the Peripatetic Philosophy, individual unity is an undivided bag of accidents ? This is blunder the fifth.

Provided with such knowledge, our author proceeds to a criticism of Alcuin's doctrine on this head which, as he tells us, "effectually eludes comprehension."<sup>17</sup> Let us see. Alcuin states that "substance is so called, because it subsists as a nature, whatsoever it may be, in its own right"—*substantia dicitur, quia subsistit, ut est unaquæque natura in sua proprietate*.<sup>18</sup> Mr. Mullinger translates the words, "substantia is so called because it is that which subsists, *i.e.*, imparts to every entity (!) [natura] its distinctive shape." No wonder that the passage has eluded comprehension. But he proceeds to quote a more difficult passage, which *prima facie* gives some colouring to his charge against Alcuin. "Somewhat further on he proceeds to define 'substance' and informs us that οὐσία (*substantia*) is that which is discerned by the bodily sense, while accidens (συμβεβηκός) he adds, is that which is apprehended only by the mind." We have no particular quarrel with the translation, save in one particular. Alcuin does not say "apprehended" but "gathered or inferred" (*colligit*). The word happens to be of primary importance to the understanding of the passage. It must be remarked then, that Alcuin is here speaking of corporal substance only ; for God is not perceptible by the senses, yet he elsewhere admits that God is substance. Now this may have been Alcuin's meaning, though confessedly it is not clearly expressed. "In sensible things the object which through its accidents is present to the senses, is substance ; whereas those

<sup>16</sup> P. 93.<sup>17</sup> P. 94.<sup>18</sup> *De Dialectica*, c. 3.

accidents which formally affect the senses are only understood *as* accidents by intellectual inference. But this not only *may* have been, it must have been Alcuin's meaning; because in the immediately subsequent context he gives as instances of accident, colour, quantity, whiteness, laughter, position, which, as all the world knows, are among the formal objects of sensible perception. The critic proceeds: "Then he adds, strangely enough, that *οὐσία* has also been called *ὑποκείμενον*." Alcuin is perfectly right. If Mr. Mullinger will take the trouble to look out the word in the Aristotelian Index subjoined to the fifth volume of the Berlin edition, he will find a tolerably large collection of passages in which the Stagyrte uses the word for substance. But where is the strangeness for one who is not an utter stranger to the Peripatetic doctrine concerning substance? According to that Philosophy created substance has two characteristics. The first and foremost is, that it stands by itself so as not to require any subject of inhesion. The other is that it is the ultimate subject of all accidents. The latter is expressed by the word substance (*sub-stare*) of which the equivalent in Greek is *ὑποκείμενον*. The former has in the Latin no distinctive word to designate it, whereas the Greek expresses it by *οὐσία*.

Our readers will not want any further specimens of such criticism; so, with one example of the *temper* of the author's criticism, we will pass on to the second point which we have selected for animadversion. The instance referred to is as follows: "The attempt to enliven the treatise on Grammar by a somewhat forced attempt at humour . . . is a significant sign of the intellectual level of the students for whose benefit the work was designed."<sup>19</sup> This is rather hard upon Alcuin, after his brave efforts to please his critic by escaping from chants, exegesis, and Paschal calculations. But how would such a canon of criticism suit towards forming an estimate of the intellectual calibre of our University students in this nineteenth century? Most of our readers have doubtless read that clever little work on Logic by Mr. Swinbourne of Queen's College, Oxford, and been justly amused with its original illustrations. Is Mr. Mullinger prepared to gauge the intellectual acquirements of this great English University by the same test which he has not scrupled to use in the case of Alcuin's pupils? Surely the sneer is altogether unworthy of his subject. There is no one who would not allow that the style of a Professor is no just criterion of the intellectual tastes of his pupils; and few would deny that *one* work is not the standard of thought for a school. The University of Cambridge would feel loth to be measured by every one of its prize essays.

Of the misconceptions concerning the doctrine, discipline, and life of the Christian Church with which this essay abounds, we shall signalize two only, as involving questions of greater importance and more general interest. The one is concerned with the spirit and history of religious Orders; the other with the supposed antagonism between the Celtic Churches and the Roman Church.

<sup>19</sup> P. 82.

Mr. Mullinger tells us that "Monasticism is of oriental origin,"—that "its dominant conception was familiar to Eastern communities long before the Christian era,"—that "in the West, however, there is no evidence that monasticism was ever known save in conjunction with the Christian Church." Now, these assertions are wanting in accuracy. Monasticism, which we presume that the author identifies with the religious life, is essentially constituted by the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, made to a legitimately constituted superior; and, as such, is a child of the Christian Church only, and has never found a home elsewhere. Undoubtedly, there have been among Pagan nations those who have lived in community life, practised austerities, and devoted themselves to contemplation. It would appear that under the Jewish Church of preparation the Essenes led a life of this kind, more nearly approaching to the spirit of the Christian monastery than any other class of recluses. But surely, such a life was not confined to the East before the Christian era. What were the Pythagorean institutions with their hard and prolonged novitiate, their minute and severe rules as to diet, clothing, division of time? Yet these flourished in Italy and elsewhere long before the Incarnation.

Mr. Mullinger then proceeds to contrast Western with Eastern monachism. And here he seems to confound altogether the eremitic and anachoretic life with the cenobitic, and mixes up St. Simeon Stylites, St. Anthony, and Pachomius under a common denominator. This confusion may account for, though it can in no way justify, the following strange statement: "Hence, while the solitary member of the Therapeutæ, and the cenobite of Egypt under the rule of Antony and Pachomius, to whom their own spiritual welfare was proposed as the sole aim of existence, remained, for the most part, unsociable, unproductive, and unbeneficial members of the human race, the monk of the West became the cultivator of the soil, the preserver of letters, the teacher of the people."<sup>20</sup> Now, it has been questioned whether these Therapeutæ, whom the author mentions, were Christians at all, while some suppose them to have been Alexandrian Essenes, converted by St. Mark; in no case were they either monks or nuns, though manual labour was an essential part of their daily life. Then, as to the unsociability, unproductiveness, and unbeneficence (to use the writer's word) of the cenobite under the rules of St. Anthony and St. Pachomius: Has Mr. Mullinger ever read St. Pachomius' life? Has he ever heard of the village church which he built for the benefit of poor shepherds, where for a long time he exercised the office of Lector, "reading to the people the Word of God with admirable fervour?" Does he know of the numerous infidels that he converted to the faith? Will it surprise him to hear that manual labour was one of the daily exercises of these cenobites, that they made mats and baskets for the towns whereby to support themselves, and that—to give a particular instance—"when the procurator of the house had sold the mats at market at a higher price



than the saint had bid him, he" (St. Pachomius) "ordered him to carry back the money to the buyers, and chastised him for his avarice?" Still more curious is it that, while considering himself justified in publishing this peremptory judgment on the Eastern monks, he should never have made the slightest allusion to the famous rule of St. Basil, which would seem to have travelled as far as those exceptionally beneficent Irish monasteries of St. Comgall, and thence passed on to the Gallic monasteries of St. Columban. If he had examined these rules, he would have found how strongly St. Basil insists on the necessity of manual labour for the needs of the monastery, for the service of the poor, in order to avoid idleness, which is the mother of evils; confirming his rule by numerous passages from the Holy Scripture.<sup>21</sup> He would have found daily manual labour enjoined;<sup>22</sup> and that the Saint gives judgment as to the particular arts which may be legitimately pursued by his monks.<sup>23</sup> He wisely remarks in connection with this subject (that which our author would seem to have utterly ignored) that the selection of employments must very much depend on the nature of the country, and on marketable demands. He mentions weaving and shoemaking and other similar trades as unexceptionable, and allows of architecture, carpentering, metal-work, and agriculture, provided they do not interfere with religious discipline, or seduce the monks into a dangerous intercourse with the corrupt external world. Let our readers enjoy after this the following parenthetical description of Oriental monachism, and draw their own conclusions. "The *inertia*, which to the denizen of India, Syria, and Egypt might seem only repose, was irksome, and even painful, to the inhabitant of Gaul,"<sup>24</sup> who was, nevertheless, till the Benedictine rule prevailed, living in the light of the Oriental monastic rules. Then follows this philosophical summary of the whole subject: "So completely, however, in its assumption of duties of this character" (that is, cultivating the soil, cultivating letters, teaching the people) "did monasticism depart from its primary conception, that an *eminent* critic" (so Mr. Mullinger informs us) "has not hesitated to assert that 'the monk accomplished his mission by ignoring the very principle of original monachism.'"<sup>25</sup> What in good sooth do these *eminent* critics want? Are the monks of St. Anthony to cultivate the desert of Sahara? Are they required to educate the over-civilized Alexandrian? If they had been planted in the midst of the uncultivated Saxon, the Gaul, or Teuton, or even the favoured Celts of the far-off isles, it is certain that they would have done for them all that the Western monks, who borrowed the spirit of their rule, attempted with such signal success. But these importunate critics would want them either to carry coals to Newcastle or to plant the gardens of Versailles in the drifting sand.

And Cassian, too, must be canonized as the creator of this Western monachism, whose rule was by no means widely spread, though his

<sup>21</sup> *Regule fusiús tractate*, Resp. 37.

<sup>24</sup> P. 25.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibidem*.

<sup>25</sup> P. 25.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibidem*, Resp. 38.



instructions on the religious life well merited, as they received, the careful study of the subsequent founders of religious orders. The real fact is, that the Oriental rules, fashioned according to the needs of their country by Celtic saints, the rule of St. Augustine, and subsequently that of St. Bennet, were much more widely spread than that of Cassian. After the Norman conquest, the rule of St. Benedict was general in England, as it had previously become in France; while in Ireland about the same time the rule of St. Augustine prevailed. Since that period a multitude of different Orders has sprung up in the Roman Catholic Church—more particularly those two famous ones of St. Francis and St. Dominic—each with its special purpose, and special appliances for the attainment of that purpose, and special rule; yet all one with one another and with their great predecessors in East and West,—compacted together for one end; the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls,—identical throughout all time in the essentials of the religious life.

We now proceed to a most important question,—the relation of the Celtic Churches to what has been called Latin Christianity, or as our author terms it, "the Petrine tradition." Of course, the prominent point, round which the controversy turns, is the celebrated divergence in the observance of Easter. Now we have a word to say about this matter, before we proceed to expose the mistakes of Mr. Mullinger. It must be remembered that it was a question of discipline, not of faith; though it is true that questions of discipline sometimes involve questions of faith. Such was not the case, however, in the present instance. The British and Irish were never Quartodecimans. Our author candidly confesses as much. They always kept Easter on a Sunday; but if the fourteenth day of the moon after the vernal equinox fell on a Sunday, they kept their Easter on that day, in accordance with the Jewish reckoning. This, of course, could only happen occasionally. Was it, then, a matter of such importance, that Rome could reasonably insist on the observance of the decrees of the Council of Nicea, spite of an ancient local custom? Mr. Mullinger is quite pleasant at the thought that "Eanfleda, feasting and keeping Palm Sunday, while Oswy still fasted" should have seemed to the Venerable Bede "a grievous scandal."<sup>26</sup> We must say that the fact, as recorded, did not so much scandalize, as puzzle us. Why the Queen should be feasting on Palm Sunday, and why the King should not be still fasting, (though not, of course, on the Sunday,) required further explanation. So we turned to the places in Bede's history referred to, and found that it would sometimes happen that "while the King had ended his fast, and was celebrating Easter Sunday, at the same time the Queen with her associates was continuing the Lenten fast and celebrating Palm Sunday."<sup>27</sup> This is at least intelligible. But Mr. Mullinger treats it as a trivial question in itself, and compares it with the actual Ritualistic controversy in the Church of England. Has he sufficiently considered

<sup>26</sup> P. 116.<sup>27</sup> Bk. iv. c. 25.

the matter in a practical point of view, as Bede has done? Let us apply a homely test, and suppose that the Easter computation of Colman and the Celtic monks should again find favour among a considerable body in the Established Church, and that it should become legally recognized. What would be the result? There must be two Parliamentary Easter recesses,—two Good Fridays,—and, as the moveable feasts reckon from Easter, two Ascension Days,—two Whitsuntides. Such a divergence would affect University terms, Bank holidays, provincial market days, and the like ; so that practically the inconvenience would not be trivial. But this would not be the primary cause for regret in the heart of Bede. Anything that conspired to mar the Church's external Unity would be liable to sow the seeds of future schism, which in the eyes of Christians in those days was a sin but little less heinous than heresy. Fortunately these Celtic peculiarities were the result of ignorance, caused in great measure by insular isolation and defective intercourse with other nations, and never resulted in any breach of Catholic communion, till they died a natural death under the influences of a corrected judgment and better information. Nevertheless, on the strength of this divergence in the time of the Paschal celebration and of the peculiar tonsure, (which some of the learned in these matters suppose to have originated in Ireland) Mr. Mullinger imagines a spirit of mutual repulsion between the Celtic and Latin Churches, and would lead us to conclude that the former drew its inspiration from the East ; though it is an incontrovertible fact that both Ireland and Britain owed to the Roman Pontiff their conversion and their hierarchy. Accordingly he tells us that the Celtic clergy denied the authority of Rome ;—a statement which is supported by one solitary piece of evidence. Of what weight that evidence is, we shall see directly : but it will be as well to give, first of all, the author's own words. "The submission so readily yielded by the King of the Franks and the teachers of York to the authority of Rome was refused by the Irish theologian. St. Columban, when rebuking the pretensions of Boniface the Eighth, declared that he and his countrymen were the disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul, who had written under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and had acknowledged only that primitive and apostolic teaching of which Rome, from the earliest times had been divinely designed to be the conservator."<sup>28</sup> Now this remarkable passage requires a series of notes.

1. As Boniface the Eighth ascended the Pontifical throne in A.D. 1294, and St. Columban died, according to Mr. Mullinger, in A.D. 615, there would have been some difficulty in their corresponding by letter. The Pope addressed was St. Boniface IV., the third in succession to St. Gregory the Great.

2. The passage, as it stands in the quotation, might have been written by a thorough-going Ultramontane, even since the decree of the Vatican Council. It acknowledges that the Celtic Christians were the

disciples of the two illustrious founders of the Roman Church—the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul; and all who are any way versed in Ecclesiastical history, know what that means. Moreover it proclaims that from the earliest times Rome had been *divinely* appointed as the conservator of primitive and apostolic teaching.

3. The author has given a fair summary of that part of the letter; but has omitted to tell us that it is apologetic, not increpitory. It is a pathetic deprecation of ecclesiastical censure, and lays before the Pope the plea that the Irish are neither heretics nor schismatics, but obedient children of “the Apostolic See,” as St. Columban terms it.

4. But it is undeniable that the epistle in question is energetically hortatory. Can this fact give any colour to Mr. Mullinger’s assertion? Let us test it by a fact or two. St. Boniface is selected by him as one of the prominent promoters of “the Petrine and Gregorian tradition.” Well, the Apostle of Germany wrote a letter to Pope St. Zachary, in comparison with which the letter of St. Columban is mere milk and water. He accuses the Pontiff of a depravation of the canons, a subversion of the tradition of the Fathers, and simony; so that St. Zachary had to tell him plainly that he must write no more such letters to the Holy See. Again; nobody will accuse St. Bernard of any want of devotion to the chair of Peter; yet in his *De consideratione* addressed to his quondam disciple and subject, the newly-elected Eugenius the Third, he makes use of language much stronger than anything that can be found in the letters of Columban.

5. Lastly, the extant letters of St. Columban abound in expressions which no one but a devoted believer in the Papal Supremacy would dream of using. Thus in his letter to Gregory the Great on the Easter question, he addresses the Pope as “legitimately seated on the chair of Peter, the Apostle and holder of the keys,” he asks for his direction touching the case of bishops and priests who have been simoniacally ordained and promoted. In his letters to St. Boniface the Fourth, he speaks of the Roman Pontiffs, as “high priests over all the faithful,” *asks leave* to observe Easter in the old way, calls the Pope “Shepherd of Shepherds,” addresses him as his “master,” as “prince of the commanders of the whole army of God, as possessing the power of ordering all things, of arranging the plan of battle, of commencing the fight at the head of the troops,” and designates Rome as “the principal See of the orthodox faith.”

This is the Celtic saint whose sole authority incontestably proves that the Celtic Church denied the authority of Rome!

We have now done with Mr. Mullinger. He has trusted too much to extraneous and hostile authorities. The Calvinistic Guizot, Mr. Haddan, German neologists, and French sceptics, are not the most trustworthy guides in helping us to estimate the spirit and history of the Church of Christ. If he could be induced to look for once at the other side of the question, to realize the fact that the supernatural is no metaphysical impossibility and that consequently men may have been,

and may still continue to be, guided by such principles,—if he would consent to look into Lingard and Butler, whose works are a storehouse of learning, and study such works as Montalembert's *Monks of the West*—if he would be a little more careful of his facts and less anxious about his views, we might yet have to hail a second edition of this Essay, which would be a real contribution to Ecclesiastical History. As it is, we are sorrowfully reminded of a noble passage in Carlyle's Essay on Voltaire: "Our fathers were wiser than we, when they said in deepest earnestness what we often hear in shallow mockery, that Religion is not of sense but of faith, not of understanding but of reason. He who finds himself without this latter,—who by all his studying has failed to unfold it to himself, may have studied to great or to small purpose, we say not which; but of the Christian Religion, as of many other things, he has and can have no knowledge. The Christian Religion we often hear likened to the Greek Philosophy, and found on all hands some measurable way superior to it; but this also seems a mistake. The Christian doctrine . . . is not superior, or inferior, or equal to any doctrine of Socrates or Thales, being of a totally different nature, differing from these as a perfect ideal poem does from a correct computation in arithmetic. He who compares it with such standards may lament that, beyond the letter, the purport of this Divine Humility has never been disclosed to him; that the loftiest feeling, hitherto vouchsafed to mankind, is as yet hidden from his eyes."

T. H.

## *The Three Canticles of Divine Love by St. Francis of Assisium.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN.

These Canticles are to be found in all editions of the Works of St. Francis. In the first of these the Saint calls upon the sun and all other creatures to bless and praise their Creator. In the second, he describes the conflict between Divine Love and the soul. In the third is contained the whole history of the working of Divine Love in the soul which has entirely yielded to its influence.

### CANTICLE I.

*"Altissimo, omnipotente, bon Signore."*

Most high, Omnipotent, good Lord, to Thee,  
All glory, honour, praise and blessing be :  
Thou only art deserving of the same ;  
No man is worthy to pronounce Thy Name.

Praised be my God by creatures, every one ;  
And praised be Thou, my Lord, by Brother Sun,  
Thy gift to us that he our day may light.  
Most beautiful is he, and passing bright ;  
Radiant in splendour—for in him we see  
Displayed to us a glorious type of Thee.

Praise to my Lord by Sister Moon be given,  
By all the clear and lovely stars of heaven.

Praised be my Lord by Brother Wind and Air ;  
By clouds and weather—be it dark or fair ;  
For by their ministry Thou e'er dost give  
The sustenance whereby all creatures live.

Praise to my Lord from Sister Water be ;  
Most useful, humble, precious, chaste is she.

Praised be my Lord by Brother Fire, so bright ;  
By whom Thou dost illuminate the night ;  
For he is lively, and most beautiful ;  
And most robust withal, and powerful.

Praised be my Lord and God by Mother Earth,  
Who governs and sustains us ; who gives birth  
To all the many fruits and herbs that be ;  
And coloured flowers in rich variety.

*Three Canticles of Divine Love*

Praised be my Lord by those who pardon wrong  
 For love of Thee : enduring sorrow long ;  
 Bearing their woes in peace. Blessed are they !  
 By the Most High they shall be crown'd one day.

Praised be my Lord by Sister Death, from whom  
 No living soul escapes. She brings the doom  
 Of mortal woe to all who pass away  
 In guilt of mortal sin. But blessed they  
 Who die in doing Thy most holy Will.  
 To them the Second Death can bring no ill.

O praise and bless my Lord right thankfully,  
 And serve ye Him with great humility.

## CANTICLE II.

*"In foco l'Amor mi mise."*

Love sets me all on fire,  
 Love sets me all on fire.

Into Love's fire I'm cast  
 By my sweet Bridegroom new,  
 As on the ring He passed,  
 This loving Lamb me threw  
 Into a prison fast.  
 He pierced me through and through,  
 And broke my heart at last.  
 Love sets me all on fire.

He pierced my heart ; and lo !  
 On earth my body lay ;  
 The shaft from Love's cross-bow  
 Hath rent my heart away.  
 He aimed a mighty blow,  
 Then peace to war gave way ;  
 I die of sweetest woe.  
 Love sets me all on fire.

I die of sweetest woe,  
 No wonder, for the aim  
 That dealt me such a blow  
 From Love's own lances came,  
 A hundred arms' length, know,  
 The blade that pierced my frame,  
 And laid my body low.  
 Love sets me all on fire.

He aimed His blows so fast,  
 I thrill'd with agony ;  
 I took a shield at last ;  
 'Twas no avail to me,  
 His darts anew He cast,  
 And struck so mightily,  
 That all my strength was past.  
 Love sets me all on fire.



So hard His blows, that I  
Found all resistance vain ;  
Knowing that I must die,  
I cried, " O spare my pain !"  
But hopeless was my cry,  
For He began again,  
A new device to try.  
Love sets me all on fire.

And now He cast at me  
So heavy stones and great  
Each one of them would be  
A thousand pounds in weight.  
'Twas vain to count them, He  
Took aim so sure and straight,  
And hurled so rapidly.  
Love sets me all on fire.

He aimed His darts so well,  
None ever glanced astray.  
Prone on the ground I fell,  
All helpless there I lay,  
Spent and immoveable.  
Whether I'd passed away,  
Or lived, I could not tell.  
Love sets me all on fire.

But lo ! I did not die :  
For my beloved Lord,  
To crown His victory,  
My life anew restored,  
So keen and fresh, that I  
That moment could have soared  
To join the saints on high.  
Love sets me all on fire.

In life and limb restored,  
And full of courage new,  
Again I draw my sword,  
And to the battle flew ;  
Once more with Him I warred,  
And when I fought anew,  
I conquered Christ my Lord.  
Love sets me all on fire.

When Christ I overthrew,  
Again was peace restored,  
For well I knew how true  
The love of Christ my Lord.  
And now, an ardour new  
Within my heart is poured.  
I burn with love anew  
For Christ my Spouse adored.  
Love sets me all on fire,  
Love sets me all on fire.

## CANTICLE III.

*"Amor de Caritate."*

O Love of Charity!  
 Why hast Thou wounded me?  
 My heart is rent in twain  
 And burns with love of Thee.  
 It burns and burns again,  
 All restless with desire.

'Tis bound, it cannot break its chain;  
 Consumed as wax before the fire:  
 Dying, it lives in sharpest pain—  
 Seeking with anguish and desire  
 To leave its furnace, but in vain.  
     How do I not expire,  
     In so great agony?  
     I live, and yet I die,  
     In this consuming fire.

I asked, not knowing, when I prayed,  
 For love of Christ, it seemed so sweet.  
 Methought in peace I should have stay'd;  
 Then gained on high a glorious seat.  
 Alas! what agony instead!  
 My heart is rent with burning heat.  
     No language can impart,  
     No words of mine explain,  
     How I die of sweetest pain,  
     How I live without a heart.

Left without heart, without desire,  
 Bereft of sentiment and thought;  
 All beauty seems to me as mire,  
 Riches and happiness as nought.  
 A tree of Love, with fruit far higher,  
 Grows in my heart; and it hath wrought  
     So sudden change in me,  
     And so complete withal,  
     That will, mind, senses, all,  
     Are cast out utterly.

I've given all for Love alone,  
 Barter'd the world and self away;  
 Were all created things mine own,  
 I'd yield them up without delay.  
 And yet by Love I am outdone;  
 Whither I'm led I cannot say.  
     By Love I am outdone,  
     Counted a fool withal;  
     For, having sold my all,  
     My worth is wholly gone.

The friends who walked not in my way,  
In vain recalled me. What has he  
To give, who gives himself away?  
Can a slave quit his slavery?  
Sooner a stone will melt, I say,  
Than Love will cease to reign in me.  
This Love within my heart,  
Like fire ever glows;  
Transform'd, united close  
To Love—no more to part.

Fire nor sword can part in twain,  
Nought can dissolve so close a tie,  
Sorrow nor death can e'er attain  
The soul that has been raised so high.  
And from that height she sees how vain  
All earthly things beneath her lie.  
My soul, how hast thou soared  
Unto so high an aim?  
From Christ the favour came.  
Embrace thy sweetest Lord!

Creatures are nothing in my sight;  
My soul for its Creator yearns;  
Heaven and earth yield no delight;  
For love of Christ all else it spurns.  
Before the splendour of that Light,  
The very sun to darkness turns.  
What is the cherub's hoard  
Of wisdom from above?  
What is the seraph's love  
To him who sees the Lord?

Let no one chide me, then, if I  
Am foolish for the love of Christ.  
From such a love 'tis vain to fly;  
No heart can such a power resist,  
This Love consumes so mightily.  
Who can in such a fire exist?  
O that I could impart  
To one who'd pity me,  
The piercing agony  
That rends my very heart!

Heaven and earth with one accord  
Are ever crying out to me:  
"With all thy heart, O love the Lord,  
"For He created us that we  
"Might draw thy spirit heavenward,  
"To love Him Who hath so loved thee."  
Lo! what abundant beams  
Of goodness all benign,  
Flow from that Light Divine  
In never-failing streams!

*Three Canticles of Divine Love*

I would love more, if that might be ;  
 But since my very heart is gone,  
 Nothing of mine is left to me.  
 I've given all for Love alone,  
 That I may be entirely  
 Possess'd of the Beloved One.  
     O Beauty infinite !  
     Ancient, yet ever new ;  
     'Tis given me to view  
     Thy sweet, Eternal Light !

Seeing this Beauty, I am led  
 Out of myself, I know not where :  
 My heart, like molten wax, is made  
 The likeness of its Lord to bear.  
 O wonderful exchange ! instead  
 Of self, Christ's image sweet to wear.  
     My heart, transfigured quite  
     By such a power of love,  
     Is sweetly drawn above  
     In rapture of delight.

The soul, thus bound by sweetest ties,  
 Is yearning for her Lord's embrace ;  
 The more His Beauty meets her eyes,  
 The more she longs on Him to gaze ;  
 In Christ alone her treasure lies,  
 Forgetting self to seek His Face.  
     She cares for nought besides,  
     But to be His alone ;  
     For love of self is gone,  
     Where only Christ abides.

Transformed by Christ, by Him made one  
 Held in her God's Divine embrace ;  
 She reigns a queen—for she has won  
 Christ Jesus, with His gifts and grace ;  
 Sorrow and pain alike are gone  
 Where sin no longer holds a place.  
     No guilty marks remain ;  
     Dead is the man of sin ;  
     The soul is pure within,  
     And freed from every stain.

In Christ I'm newly born again—  
 The old man dead, the new restored ;  
 And while my heart is cleft in twain,  
 Transfixed by love as by a sword,  
 My spirit, all on fire, would fain  
 Behold the beauty of its Lord.  
     I cry out ardently,  
     While clasped in His embrace,  
     Give me, O Love ! the grace  
     To die for love of Thee !

I languish for the love of Thee,  
For Thy embraces sweet I pine ;  
Without Thee life is death to me.  
With sighs and tears this heart of mine  
Craves Thy return, that it may be  
Transformed by Thee, made wholly Thine.

O Love ! make no delay—  
O hasten unto me !  
Unite me close to Thee,  
Consume my heart away.

Behold my pain, sweet Love, I pray ;  
This burning heat I cannot bear :  
I know not what I do or say,  
Led on by Love, I know not where.  
I go, as one who'd lost his way—  
Weary, wandering here and there.

I know not how I may  
Endure this agony,  
Which so transfixes me,  
And rends my heart away.

Robb'd of my heart, I cannot see  
What there remains for me to do ;  
If one should ask me, " Can it be  
That Christ wants idle love from you ?"  
I say, There is no help for me,  
My heart being riven through and through.

This Love in me hath wrought,  
With such consuming fire,  
I'm left without desire,  
Or even power of thought.

Once I could speak, but now I'm dumb ;  
I saw : now cannot see at all ;  
To what a strange abyss I'm come !  
Though held, I run ; I rise, yet fall ;  
Pursue, and am pursued withal.

O Love eternal ! why  
Am I a fool for Thee ?  
Wherefore hast Thou cast me  
In such a fire to die ?

*Christ.*

Control thy burning love for Me ;  
For virtue without rule is vain :  
In seeking Me so ardently,  
Renew thy mind and heart again ;  
And let well-ordered charity  
Inform the heart wherein I reign.

As by the fruit it bears,  
A tree is to be known ;  
So by this test alone  
Its real worth appears.

*Three Canticles of Divine Love*

For I created everything,  
 In number and in measure too ;  
 Each to its end is hastening,  
 And all are kept in order due ;  
 How much more charity, as being  
 The very soul of order true !  
     Why is that heart of thine  
     By Love so foolish made ?  
     It is that thou hast strayed  
     So far beyond the line.

*Francis.*

Christ ! Thou hast robb'd my heart from me,  
 Then why dost Thou my ardour blame ?  
 For, since I am changed into Thee,  
 I can no longer be the same :  
 As red-hot iron seems to be  
 All fire, and sun-lit air a flame.  
     For each of these is seen  
     Changed to another form ;  
     So doth Thy Love transform  
     The heart Thou hast made clean.

Thus, having lost its quality,  
 The creature's acting power is gone ;  
 For, as it only lives by Thee,  
 Its works bear fruit through Thee alone ;  
 Transform'd by Christ, and verily  
 Changed into the Beloved One !  
     Let all impute to Thee,  
     Whate'er by me is wrought,  
     And if it please Thee not,  
     Then blame Thyself—not me.

Eternal Wisdom ! well I know  
 That I am fool for love of Thee ;  
 But since Thy Love hath dealt the blow,  
 I've bartered self away to be  
 Chang'd into Thee anew, and so  
 Lead a new life, and utterly  
     Casting myself aside ;  
     In Love's almighty power,  
     I break through every door,  
     And with my Love abide !

My heart was set on fire by Thee ;  
 Why bid me then my love restrain ?  
 Thou gavest Thyself utterly  
 For me. Can I give less again ?  
 Thy littleness sufficed for me ;  
 Thy greatness how can I contain ?  
     If any fault there be,  
     ' Tis Thine, O Lord, not mine ;  
     For 'twas Thy love divine  
     Traced out this path for me.



Love was too powerful for Thee;  
From Heaven to Earth it brought Thee down  
So low, that Thou didst will to be  
The last of men, despised, unknown,  
Homeless and poor for love of me,  
To make Thy riches all my own.  
So, in Thy Life and Death,  
Most surely didst Thou prove  
Thy Heart was fired with love  
All fathomless in depth.

Thy Life was spent for Love indeed,  
For Wisdom was by love out-done;  
Love showed in every word and deed,  
Regardless of Thyself alone;  
And in the Temple Thou didst plead,  
"Come to Me, every weary one!"  
All ye who thirst, draw nigh  
Unto the Living Well  
Of Love ineffable,  
Sweet Gift of God Most High!

Was that Love wise, O Saviour mine?  
Which drew Thee down on earth below.  
Born, not of flesh, but Love divine;  
Made Man to save us all from woe,  
Thou didst embrace that Cross of Thine  
For love of us, nay, more, I know,  
Thou didst not speak a word  
When Pilate judg'd Thy cause,  
In order, on the Cross,  
To die of love, O Lord!

Thy wisdom, Lord, was hidden quite,  
Thy power, too, Thou didst repress;  
Love only was revealed to sight:  
A Love all boundless in excess,  
Which overflow'd with endless might,  
And poured forth all its tenderness.  
This mighty Love it was  
That led thee captive, when  
For love of sinful men  
Thou didst embrace the Cross.

Then, Jesus, if I overflow  
With love so sweet and so intense,  
Who shall reprove me, if I go  
Out of myself—bereft of sense?  
Since that same Love constrain'd Thee so,  
As to subdue Omnipotence!  
O Love! how can I be  
Afraid of foolishness?  
If through it I possess  
And am possess'd by Thee!

*Three Canticles of Divine Love*

This Love which makes me foolish, lo !  
 It took away Thy Wisdom quite.  
 This Love, which makes me languish so,  
 It robbed Thee of Thy very might ;  
 Against the power of love, I know,  
 'Tis useless to resist or fight.  
 My sentence hath been pass'd.  
 I die for love of Thee !  
 There is no rest for me :  
 I die of love, at last !

O Love, O Love, Thou hast so wounded me,  
 That I can cry out nothing else but "Love !"  
 O Love, O Love, Thou hast so ravished me,  
 That all my heart is drawn to Thee above.  
 I long so ardently  
 My debt of love to pay,  
 O grant me, Love, I pray,  
 To die for love of Thee.

Jesu, my Love, my Love, behold my woe !  
 Jesu, my Love, my Love, O comfort me !  
 Jesu, my Love, Thou hast inflamed me so ;  
 Jesu, my Love, I die for love of Thee !  
 O make my heart with love for ever glow.  
 O grant that I may be  
 Transform'd with Thee, in truth and charity.  
 O Love, O Love, O Love !  
 Everything speaks of Thee ;  
 O Love, so deep Thou art,  
 The more Thou fillest the heart,  
 The more it longs for Thee !

O Love, O Love, Thou dost encircle close  
 The heart that yields to Thy Almighty power ;  
 Thou art its vesture and its sweet repose ;  
 And so it cries out "Love !" for evermore :  
 It never can repay the debt it owes.  
 O Love, O Love, I love Thee more and more ;  
 O Love, O Love, methinks that I shall die ;  
 O Love, O Love, Thou hast so mastered me—  
 O make me Thine, O Love, eternally !  
 I languish for the love of Thee !  
 O Love most amiable !  
 How sweet to die for Thee !  
 O Love ineffable !  
 Kindle Thy love in me !

O Love, O Love, my heart is broken quite,  
 O Love, O Love, Thou hast so wounded me.  
 O Jesu ! draw me to Thy beauty bright.  
 O Love, by Thee I'm rapt in ecstasy !  
 O Living Love ! cast me not from Thy sight !  
 O Love, O Love, my soul is one with Thee !

O Love, Thou art its Life !  
From Thee it ne'er can part,  
For Thou hast rent my heart  
In such a loving strife.

My Love, my Love, Jesu ! for Thee I pine :  
O Love ! grant unto me  
To die embracing Thee !

O my sweet Love ! Jesus, my Spouse divine !

O Love, O Love, I pray that I may die !

O Love, O Love, O Jesu so benign !

Transform me into Thee eternally !

See how I suffer from this love of Thine !

I am no longer mine :

Jesu, my hope divine !

Rest thou, my heart, for ever in His Love !

## *The Ethics of Belief.*

Nothing will come of nothing; speak again.—*King Lear*.

### PART THE SECOND.

IN what category then is the Principle of Causality to be reckoned? Is it a self-evident truth, or a demonstrable proposition, or simply an *assumption*, the minimum and fundamental assumption which we must make on pain of believing with certitude nothing beyond the consciousness of the moment, but still an assumption after all? By a self-evident truth I mean one which is expressed by a proposition whose opposite is seen to involve a contradiction. By a demonstrable proposition I mean one which can be inferred from or legitimately reduced to truths which are self-evident, or in other words a proposition whose contradictory can be shown to be inconsistent with some self-evident truth.<sup>1</sup> Lastly, by an assumption I understand a proposition accepted without a proof, of which proof may without contradiction be demanded.<sup>2</sup>

I know that perhaps a majority of the writers in whose school I am but a learner, maintain the independent self-evidence of the principle of causality, holding that it cannot be analysed into any other statements whose opposites involve a contradiction; but that it is what Kant would have called a synthetic proposition evident *a priori*. I do not see how to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Kirkman defines demonstrated truth to be "First the testimony of my present consciousness clear of all assumptions: or secondly . . . truth verifiable by me, the thinker, by facts in my consciousness which I can repeat at my pleasure again and again without making any assumptions, or by logical inference from such facts" (*Philosophy without Assumptions*, p. 7). It will be seen that the first class of what Mr. Kirkman calls demonstrated truths fall under the description in the text of self-evident truths.

<sup>2</sup> "An assumption is the acceptance, without proof, of the truth of a proposition, of which truth proof may, without a flat contradiction or a glaring absurdity, be demanded" (*Kirkman*, p. 4). The definition in the text is adapted from this (1) by the use of *assumption* as equivalent to *assumed proposition* (whereas Mr. Kirkman uses the word as meaning the *act of assuming*), (2) by omission of the expletives *flat* and *glaring*, and (3) by the omission of the word *absurdity* as being philosophically equivalent to *contradiction*.

accept this doctrine. For it seems to me to cut away the ground from under our feet, by leaving us without any test whatsoever of the self-evidence of propositions. If a philosopher is to be allowed to say, such a proposition is to me self-evident, without being called upon to explain *why* it is so, then all scientific procedure in philosophy is at an end. For it is of the essence of philosophy to inquire into the *dióti* of every *óti*, and any refusal to make such inquiry would come with an ill grace from one in the act of laying down as a fundamental truth that every *óti* has a *dióti*, every *what* a *why*, every fact a reason.

To say then that the Principle of Causality is a synthetic proposition evident *a priori*, is, it seems to me, only another way of saying that it is *an assumption which we must make in practice because we cannot help believing* beyond the experience of the moment. Is not this to invoke a blind guide? It may, however, be retorted that to invoke the Principle of Contradiction is, at any rate, to invoke an equally blind guide; and we all know that Mr. Mill called in question the certainty of this principle as applied to "Noumena" or "Things in Themselves."<sup>3</sup>

A word, then, had better first be said about the Principle of Contradiction.

That "the same cannot be and not be," understanding by "the same" *the same at the same time and under the same circumstances*, is the simplest expression of this truth. The question is, whether it be true of noumena or of phenomena only. The shortest answer to this question is that *it is true of whatever I can think of*, so far as I am capable of thinking of it. It is in other words true of every *thing*, for, though truth is not "what any man throweth," *thing is* what any man thinketh. A *thing* is any possible object of *thought*.<sup>4</sup> A thing which could at the same time be and not-be would be no thing, no object of thought at all. Noumenon or phenomenon, whatever I can speak of with a meaning must by the terms of the case be capable of being an object of thought; but that which fails to satisfy the fundamental law of thought (and such, subjectively, the Principle of Contradiction admittedly is) cannot be an object of thought.

<sup>3</sup> *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy*, pp. 217, 418: "Sir W. Hamilton thinks . . . that the 'Fundamental Laws of Thought' are laws of existence too, and may be known to be true not only of Phenomena, but also of Noumena. Of this, however, as of all else relating to Noumena, the verdict of philosophy, I apprehend, must be that we are entirely ignorant."

<sup>4</sup> With the etymological likeness (and perhaps connection) between *thing* and *think*, *ding* and *denken*, cf. the Latin *res* and *res*.

The question suggested by J. S. Mill, whether there be any things of which the principle was not true, amounts then to a question whether there be any things which are not things. Every question asks "whether or no," and to make yes and no compatible answers to the same inquiry is to say, not merely that no question can be satisfactorily answered, but that none can even be intelligibly asked. The Principle of Contradiction is then true of every *thing*, noumenon or phenomenon. We cannot with any meaning even discuss the possible existence (for whatever exists is a thing) of objects (*i.e.*, things) about which the principle is not true. The Principle of Contradiction is not merely an assumption which every mind must make for practical convenience, it is a truth which is the very condition of thought itself. And cause may be shown, as has in part been done, why it should be so regarded. No fact has been left without its why here, except the fact that why has a meaning.

Here we have a test to apply to any other assertion whatever, which may claim to be an ultimate or self-evident principle. Apart from this test, no other, I venture to think, can be assigned.

We have then to see whether the Principle of Contradiction, which sets forth the relation between being and not-being, can be brought into connection with the Principle of Causality, which has to do with the transition from not-being to being. Consider the following propositions :

I. Where the reason why a thing should be is as great at one time as at another time, it is impossible that the thing should be at one time and at the other time not-be ; except there exist in relation to the thing some active conscious power of choice. (Hence it is impossible that anything should begin to be except by the intervention of something actually existing. For antecedently to any actually existing object there is no more reason why anything should exist at one time rather than at another time, for in nothing there is neither more nor less.)

II. Where the reason why one thing should be is equal to the reason why another thing should be, it is impossible that one of them should be and the other not-be ; except, again, there exist in relation to the two things an active conscious power of choice. (Whence it follows that even supposing anything could begin to be without the intervention of any actually existing object, all possible similar things must in this case spring into existence at the same moment. And as many things are



possible which do not exist, similar to the things which do exist, it follows that those things which do exist have come into being not without the intervention of something distinct from themselves.)

III. From that which is insufficient to produce an effect the effect cannot follow. And where any being is insufficient to produce an effect, *nothing* is still more positively insufficient. (What I cannot do, *a fortiori* nothing cannot do, for power is a thing, and *nothing* or nothingness has no thingness, so to speak, about it, has less thingness in every respect than any given thing).

The reader will perhaps remember the phrase, "a mere jugglery with words," which occurred in the first part of this paper, and it will probably seem to him that the curse has fallen back on my own head.

It must at least be admitted that the propositions which have been laid down deserve, with their corollaries, the most searching analysis and criticism. What right have we to talk of "the reason why a thing should be?" It is very well to define the cause of a thing as "that which, not being the thing itself, is the reason why the thing is rather than not," but how do I know that there is anything objectively corresponding to this string of words? What guarantee have I of the objective validity of this abstract conception? Here is the rub. The answer to these questions lies in two all-important psychological facts. I know that I can always ask "Why?" about the existence of any thing, and I also know that there is one class of things concerning whose existence I can find an answer to this "Why?" This class of things is my own free volitions. Of these I am myself the *cause*. The reason why they are rather than not lies, and can be found by myself, in me. The proposition "*I will* because *I will*" so far from being a mere tautology, is the expression of the single class of causations which is presentable in the concrete to my own mind.

Whether everything has its reason or not, at any rate each of these things which I call free volitions is a thing-with-a-reason. Having, then, found that the conception "extrinsic reason of a thing" has objective validity for one class of facts, namely, volitions, I may intelligibly ask whether all other things have their reason or not. I may intelligibly inquire whether they too are capable of being accounted for as I can account for my own volitions.

To speak, then, of the reason why a thing should exist at

one time being no greater than the reason why it should exist at another time, is not an unintelligible mode of speech. And the argument is not vitiated by diminishing the reasons in question to zero. All depends on the *difference* between the supposed reasons, which difference is zero as much when the reasons are zero as when they are positive and equal.

It will be well to repeat. By the reason of a thing I mean that which being understood would account for the thing's existence. Suppose something to exist which is of itself sufficient to account for the existence of  $A_1$ , and something also which is equally sufficient to account for the existence of  $A_2$ , an object supposed to be precisely similar to  $A_1$ , I say that, apart from an active power of choice, it is a contradiction that either  $A_1$  or  $A_2$  should exist without the other existing also. For by supposition I may legitimately believe in the existence of  $A_1$ , and, also by supposition, there is just as much ground for believing in the existence of  $A_2$ ; consequently, if  $A_1$  exists,  $A_2$  must exist also. Now in pure nothing there is just as much reason why any given thing should exist at a time,  $T_1$ , as that it should exist at a time  $T_2$ , and just as much reason that each of the similar objects,  $A_2, A_3, A_4 \dots$  should begin to exist as that any given object  $A_1$  should come into being.

I do not know that greater length of words would go far to make clearer what I have been here trying to establish, namely, that to deny the principle of causality is to assert a contradiction. The same thing may be expressed in a variety of forms, but whichever way we turn it we seem to arrive at a contradiction.

I have by no means exhausted, indeed, I have hardly more than entered upon the subject of the "Ethics of Belief." To establish the principle of causality is not to demonstrate the Being and Attributes of God, and to show that the philosopher has grounds for his belief in God is not, after all, to justify the belief of the simple soul which cannot appreciate, or of the busy man who has no time to examine, the arguments of the philosopher. This last point in particular is worthy of the most serious consideration.

Professor Clifford has himself put, and, as he thinks, solved the case.

"But," says one, "I am a busy man; I have no time for the long course of study which would be necessary to make me in any degree a competent judge of certain questions, or even able to understand the nature of the arguments." Then he should have no time to believe.

Such is Professor Clifford's answer to the difficulty. But does it not occur to him that belief or doubt may have a great deal to do with a man's being busy or idle, and more particularly with the manner of his being busy? To the assertion that the busy man should have no time for belief, we may oppose the counter assertion that the doubting man has no basis for action. "So far as certainty . . . can direct or stimulate action, doubt, in a like degree, must paralyse and arrest it. But it is in action that man's life and health consist; what tends to hinder action is the beginning of death."<sup>5</sup> On this point Believer and Atheist are at one. Professor Clifford's answer then would seem to afford no solution to the difficulty. Can a solution be found?

The question is too important to be dismissed without some attempt at a reply. With regard then to the simple man who has not the talent, and to the busy man who has not the time, for philosophic investigation, I observe:—

1. That as long as a man does what he believes to be right, his conduct, subjectively regarded, cannot be reasonably blamed.

2. That objectively his belief is in accordance with truth.

3. That neither Professor Clifford nor any one else of his school has any right to disturb this man's belief.

4. That the Christian priest has the fullest right to direct this man to put aside all doubts concerning the existence of God, and to avoid the reading of all atheistic writings.

The first of these statements amounts to an identical proposition. If a man believes that it is his duty to exclude all doubts about the existence of God and the truths of religion, he by the terms of the case is subjectively justified in so doing. Whether or no his conduct is, as Professor Clifford would maintain, hurtful to mankind, he cannot with reason be personally blamed.

The assertion that objectively the man's belief is in accordance with truth I claim to be demonstrable to or by the philosopher, and to have been in part demonstrated in the foregoing pages.

It is maintained moreover that Professor Clifford and his friends have no right to disturb this man's belief. The only ground, on their own showing, upon which they can base this right, is the usefulness of truth (such as they conceive it) as a pleasure-producer to mankind. The only morality which

<sup>5</sup> W. H. Mallock, in *The Nineteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 253.

Professor Clifford can consistently teach is a purely utilitarian code; and before he can establish his right to interfere with the busy man who believes in God, he must show the paramount utility of truth as such. Let me quote some trenchant words of Dr. Mivart's.

Physical philosophers generally protest that they care only for truth which at all hazards [and irrespectively of "consequences"] must unhesitatingly be investigated and pursued. Now such a protest and declaration is reasonable enough in the mouths of those who accept the philosophy here advocated [*i.e.*, of theists]. We can reasonably proclaim the supreme importance of truth and the expediency of its unhesitating, continuous, and unlimited pursuit, because of the conviction that the universe is the work of a good God. But it would be interesting to know on what rational grounds philosophers who *oppose* Theism could support *their* conviction that truth is *necessarily* a good. . . . Experience may show that truth has been generally beneficial, but it can never make its beneficence axiomatic, or render it impossible that in certain cases "ignorance" may not be bliss, "wisdom" folly, and "deceitfulness" expedient.<sup>6</sup>

It may be urged on the part of Professor Clifford that the question whether belief in God be favourable (apart from its truth) to human welfare, is one which is incapable of demonstrative solution, that, this being so, the presumption lies in favour of what he thinks to be the truth, and that consequently he and his friends are at liberty to preach atheism or doubt. To this I would reply by asking first whether Professor Clifford really believes that he has any single valid reason tending to show that there is no God, and secondly whether he really

<sup>6</sup> *Lessons from Nature*, pp. 400, 401. Compare the doctrine of Dr. Bain, in *Mental and Moral Science*, p. 106. "The regard to truth is and ought to be an all-powerful sentiment, from its being entwined in a thousand ways with the welfare of human society. We are not to be surprised if *an element of such importance as a means* should be often regarded as an absolute end to be pursued irrespective of consequences." (Italics mine.) See also pp. 359, 444. The whole of Mill's Essay on the Utility of Religion proceeds upon the principle that truth is valuable only for its utility (*Three Essays on Religion*, pp. 73, seq.). Close following upon the passage above quoted from Dr. Mivart's book occurs the following application of the general position to a particular (supposed) truth: "Certainly if such views as those of Mr. Mill, Mr. Spencer, and Professor Huxley, as to the impotence of the human will were true, the only hope of humanity would be that it should believe a lie. For as human progress has been effected hitherto under the belief in moral responsibility, it is unquestionable that were men universally convinced and able fully to realize that such responsibility is a delusion, and that their every thought is absolutely predetermined, a general paralysis of moral effort must necessarily ensue." Compare also Mallock on "Modern Atheism and Morality," in *Contemporary Review* (January, 1877), pp. 175, 182, 183.

believes that the atheism which produced the horrors of the French Revolution is more favourable to human progress than the belief which has been the stay through life of the greatest minds which the world has known. He will of course reply to the first of these questions, that valid reasons are to be demanded, not for doubting but for believing, that the habitual state of the mind should be suspense in the absence of determining evidence. But it is obvious to rejoin that, even supposing this to be unreservedly true, it does not affect the present question, which is, what right has Professor Clifford, not himself to believe or doubt, but to interfere with the belief of another, the simple or the busy man? The second question I venture to think he will find it still more difficult to answer. Action in accordance with the probabilities of the case, Dr. Bain has somewhere said, is the *beau ideal* of prudence. On which side then in the present case do the probabilities lie? Does it seem likely that the cause of humanity will be served by interfering with the belief in God and in a future life? An earnest thinker has written as follows:

At an annual meeting of the Scripture Readers' Society held at Sheffield a few years ago, the Archbishop of York stated that "out of a district with two thousand families, nine hundred and fourteen, or nearly half, entered themselves as going to no place of worship whatever." From which he drew this conclusion: "That one half of them had been accustomed to live, and had settled down to live, in a state which professed no hope hereafter, and confessed no God here." . . . That it would in some respects be better for the working classes if they attended places of worship in the same degree that other classes do, may be freely conceded. But to say of them because they do not, they have no hope hereafter, or even that they have no real religion or true Christianity, is, upon the part of those indulging in such utterances, saying in periphrastic language, that they know nothing whatever of the working classes. . . . Though there is much in this life that at times is almost enough to drive them to doubt the existence of a principle of eternal justice, they do firmly believe in it; believe that though it is often set aside here, it will be asserted hereafter. Such a belief is to them a hope. They *do* profess hope hereafter—the hope of a brighter, better, juster, more all-equal hereafter, by which they cannot but be gainers. . . . *And it is well for society that the masses have this hope and belief.* If they had not, if they *were* hopeless as regards the hereafter, were really persuaded that—

Vain as the has-been is the great to-be,

then would they not endure the present as patiently as they have done,

and do. If they thought that all that they do know of good or evil was to be found in this world alone, can it be doubted that they would seize a larger share of the good things than now falls to their portion.<sup>7</sup>

No more need here be said than that words like these—and the instances might be multiplied in which men of practical experience have expressed their conviction of the value of religion, even for temporal well-being—may be set over against the speculative disquisitions of Jeremy Bentham, Philip Beauchamp, or John Stuart Mill.

So much, then, for the right of the sceptical philosopher to disturb the believer. I ought in the fourth place to defend the action of that object of Professor Clifford's most righteous indignation, the Christian priest. But in fact this defence need amount to no more than a repetition of the old plea. The priest (supposing him not to be in the technical sense a philosopher<sup>8</sup>) is subjectively justified on the same ground as the man whom he teaches to put aside as temptations all doubts against faith; and, on the same ground as has been laid down above, the right of the sceptic or atheist to interfere with him may be contested.

To return then to our simple or busy believer. I will try to state his case a little more fully than has been done above. Long before he has dreamed of philosophy or of scepticism he has believed in God. He is in his own mind absolutely certain that his Creator exists Who will reward him according to his works. To entertain any doubt of this would be in his eyes an

<sup>7</sup> *Our New Masters.* By the Journeyman Engineer (Thomas Wright), pp. 87, 88. Compare the following passage: "The things needful to the improvement of the working classes are a general and higher education, a friendly, open, non-aggressive federation of the labouring classes throughout the civilized world, and Christianity. . . . To speak of Christianity as one of the wants in a matter that is generally held to be wholly political, is, we know, to lay ourselves open to a charge of Utopianism, idealism, and so forth, and as the charge of being impracticable [unpractical?] is the most damaging that can be brought against a writer dealing with such a question as our present one, we hasten to explain. In all civilized communities there always has been, and . . . always will be, a stronger and weaker race of men, the stronger, though fewer in number, rising above and ruling their weaker brethren. . . . The relation has always existed, and with the same result—the earth and the fulness thereof falling to the lot of the strong, the hardest toil and bitterest suffering to that of the weak. And so substantially it will continue to be if we have not Christianity to make the strong men merciful, to bring them to love their neighbours as themselves, and to cease to act upon such principles as that self is the first law of nature, and the weak must go to the wall" (*Ibid.* pp. 103, 104).

<sup>8</sup> I hope it is hardly necessary to disclaim any intention of disrespect to a class of men one hour of whose practical work is worth more than all the speculative philosophy of the ages of history.



act of downright unfaithfulness to Him Whom he regards as the source of all obligation, the Author and the End of his own being. Meanwhile he learns that there are those who do so doubt, who even deny what he holds as fundamental and all-important truths. He knows that, believing as he does, he cannot without sin listen to these men except it may be for the sake of refutation, and then only after due precautions and under the sanction of authority. These due precautions will be, first to make himself acquainted with the scientific grounds for the belief which he holds, and secondly, to fortify his will against giving way to any real or practical as distinguished from mere speculative or hypothetical doubt concerning the object of his belief. All this is his duty *as long as he believes*; paradoxical as it may seem, *until he doubts he has no right to doubt*. And doubt, I hold, he never will, except by his own free choice; that is, except he be unfaithful to his present beliefs.

This will be objected to as psychologically impossible. Doubt is doubt, it will be said, and to distinguish between real and hypothetical, practical and speculative doubt, may be called an unworthy jugglery with words. And here we come upon the Catholic doctrine of Faith, a doctrine upon which must be based that fuller justification of the action of the Christian priesthood in regard to belief and doubt which I have not attempted to give above. Not being a theologian, I cannot pretend to set forth that doctrine with precision of terms, but perhaps a somewhat popular statement may here suffice. Believing then that my Creator exists, and is supremely beneficent, I cannot believe that He will leave in the darkness of doubt concerning Him those of His creatures who are faithful to the natural lights which they have. Mill has said: "If it was His [God's] will that men should know that they themselves and the world are His work, He, being omnipotent, had only to will that they should be aware of it."<sup>9</sup> This statement I should partly endorse. God does so will in regard to all who are true to their lights, and those who are thus true will sooner or later, before they die, come to a sufficing knowledge of Him. Faith, I believe, under the guidance of the Church whose teaching I am trying to express, to be a supernatural gift, a gift of belief which no man having it can lose without grievous fault of his own. As long as he believes with absolute assent he would clearly be to blame if

<sup>9</sup> *Three Essays on Religion*, p. 179.

he wilfully entertained a doubt, and against doubts that are not voluntary he is secured by the supernatural gift of Faith. They may trouble his intellect, but they cannot, without fault of his own, shake the firmness of his assent.

May I conclude this part of the subject with an appeal to the preacher of the Philosophy of Doubt? If these great truths are as we believe them to be, is it not reasonable to suppose that our All-wise, All-powerful, and All-kind Creator should make Himself known to all His rational creatures who are willing to be enlightened? And is it not reasonable to suppose that He will do this otherwise than by leading them along the hard ways of logic and philosophy? All those yearnings after truth, nobleness, and unselfishness which no one can express with more fire and eloquence than Professor Clifford himself, upon what logic are they based? Are they perchance the whisperings of God to the heart of His creature?

H. W. L.

## *Alfred the Great.*

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### PART THE THIRD.

ALFRED was made King with no dissenting voice, when once his own resistance had been overruled. No mention is made of pompous coronation or national festivities. The crown of Wessex in 871 was a crown of thorns, accepted with resignation, not seized with eager grasp. The young King's first solemn act was to bury his brother. Ethelbert lay by the side of Ethelbald at Sherborne, near Yeovil, in Dorsetshire, but Ethelred was buried at Wimborne, near the eastern boundary of the same county. The reason of the change is not given. Possibly Wimborne may have been more accessible, and at such a time all considerations of mere natural preference would have to yield to the exigencies of a war still uncontrolled.

The invaders had been compelled to fight every inch of their way, and, even though they had gained the advantage, their march had not been a brilliant success. They had swayed backwards and forwards as victory followed defeat. They had never yet sent the West Saxons in headlong flight from the field, as they themselves had been hunted from Ashdown back to their ramparts at Reading. The victory which they had just gained at Meredune was more like an escape from defeat than a triumph. Ethelred had gone slowly back, taking a southerly course. It may easily be that Alfred had never approved of the retrograde movement; for as soon as he had buried Ethelred, he turned on his steps to meet the enemy, who by this time had reached Wilton, on the southern bank of the river Willy, near Salisbury. Again the fighting was obstinate, and again the Danes gained a victory which was nearly a defeat. During all the day the English had the superiority, till, like their brethren in Kesteven, they allowed themselves to be enticed from their compact array by the old stratagem of a pretended flight. Soon after this battle a treaty was arranged, and the Danes agreed to evacuate

Wessex. It has been generally thought that they were bought off on this occasion, but no such transaction is mentioned explicitly by the old historians.<sup>1</sup> The idea seems to have arisen from the necessity of finding an adequate motive for the withdrawal of the Danes. It is an obvious argument that no treaty was needed to enable the Danes to depart. They were surely free to go, and were in no danger of being intercepted by any other army, for Reading protected them in rear, and the Thames was their own highway. However natural this process of reasoning may be, it fails to convince. Basing, and Meredune, and Wilton had not broken the spirit of the English. The Danes, even if they really wished to abandon an unprofitable campaign, might still have been unwilling to turn and fly. As long as they were advancing they could command respect; but if they showed signs of discouragement, they might strengthen the hands of Alfred and dig their own graves. It is known that a treaty was made, and that the Danes retired, but it is not known that any money was paid to facilitate their retirement. To supplement fact with thoughtful conjecture is often both lawful and laudable; but conjecture should never be related as if it were ascertained fact.

The Danes fell back upon London. The town was still in a ruinous state, but fortification was an easy matter many centuries before the properties of villanous saltpetre were known to men. London was a Mercian town. Halfdene and Guthrum had long since taken their mental measurement of poor Burhred's value in war. They traded on his weakness. If he would pay them well for doing what in any case they meant to do, they were ready to make a favour of accepting a bribe. Mercia was so near to Wessex, and the affair of Nottingham was so well remembered, that they did not care for the present to attempt a new invasion; but they gave the King to understand that he would do well to propitiate them with gifts. That winter (871-2) was spent by them in London. Nine pitched battles they had fought with those sturdy yeomen of Wessex in the past year, beginning with Englefield and ending with Wilton, besides innumerable skirmishes and partial engagements by day and night. One king and nine jarls they had left to the wolves and the crows. It would be no matter for wonder if they were glad to go into winter quarters, with

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Pauli is content to reassert this mere suspicion as a genuine fact. Mr. Hughes successfully repels the charge.

a promise from Alfred that he would not molest them, and a payment from Burhred for keeping quiet. When winter was over, they sailed down the Thames, and as nothing more is said of their doings for a year, it is possible that King Guthrum did the honours of his new kingdom, and regaled his brothers in arms at the expense of the surviving inhabitants of East Anglia. Next winter (872-3) was passed by Halfdene and his comrades at Torksey, in Lincolnshire, and in the course of the following year, being now ready for fresh aggressions, they struck across from Lindesey to Derbyshire, and possessed themselves of Repton-upon-Trent for their winter abode. King Burhred's days were numbered. He had purchased a precarious peace, but the barbarians were not likely to be long content with paltry peace-offering when they found themselves strong enough to carve out a kingdom. They soon made it very clear to the King of Mercia that they meant to settle in his realm, and after a feeble resistance, he resigned himself to his inevitable fate, after a reign of "two-and-twenty winters." He had lost all heart long before. His selfish policy of non-intervention had recoiled on his own head. His weak overtures for peace had increased his natural irresolution, and made it difficult to resume a bolder line of conduct. Alfred's hands were tied by his own separate treaty with Halfdene, and even without that impediment the West Saxons could not afford to go out of Wessex at that time to help a neighbour who was not willing to help himself. So Burhred, in his distress, feeling the hand of God heavy upon him, turned his eyes, as all repentant Christians did in those days, to Rome. He had not the power to save his throne, but he still could save his soul.

He found the repose he sought. The speed with which death overtook him makes it likely that declining health had destroyed his energy and was in part the cause of his inglorious capitulation. He died in Rome soon after his arrival, and was buried "in Saint Mary's church in the school of the Angle race,"<sup>2</sup> and there, the same words being used of Ethelred and

<sup>2</sup> Our Blessed Lady a thousand years ago was the protectress of English students in the city of the Popes. Though, long after ungrateful England renounced her allegiance to the Holy See, and decapitated statues and Maryless niches over College gateways were the appropriate signs of her apostacy, it took a long time to eradicate the devotion among her children to the Blessed Virgin. Down to our own time the Winchester scholars are said to have been in the habit of saluting her statue, and it still stands unmaimed over the quadrangle of Oriel College.

Burhred, "he waits the coming of the Lord and the first resurrection with the just." Alfred's sister, Burhred's wife, probably sought refuge in Wessex. She afterwards went to visit her husband's tomb, and on her way thither slept in the Lord at Pavia in the year 888.<sup>3</sup> The Danes put a creature of their own, "an unwise King's thane," Ceolwulf, a Mercian by birth, on the throne of Mercia. He took a vow of blind obedience, unimpeded by any conscience clause,<sup>4</sup> ingenuously agreeing to do whatever his masters told him, and to consider himself removable at their pleasure. He was removed soon indeed, but not soon enough, for he had a reign of some three years during which he played the petty tyrant, squeezing tribute for the Danes out of his unhappy countrymen in the hope of purchasing a longer tenure of office for himself. The day of retribution came, and if he was permitted to keep his skin,<sup>5</sup> he was stripped of nearly all things else, and left to die in want and infamy.

A constantly increasing purpose of effecting permanent settlements in England is perceptible in the military movements of the Danish armies at this period. The desire of extending their territory grew with each fresh acquisition. They saw themselves now the masters of the larger part of the island, and it was not in their human nature that they should long refrain from a second attempt to seize that fair country facing them on the southern side of the Thames, even though they no doubt still had a lively recollection of the young West Saxon King at the head of his stout retainers.

It was at this time, if ever, that Alfred was leading a dissolute life, and earning for himself the reproofs of St. Neot, and the merciful chastisement of heaven. Every folly is possible to human weakness. It may be that, when the immediate pressure of the presence of the Danes was removed, Alfred listened to the suggestions of self-complacency, and taking to himself the

<sup>3</sup> According to Roger of Wendover she died in the religious habit. This need not mean more than that she had taken up her temporary abode in a convent, and, feeling her end draw near, had been permitted to satisfy her devotion by assuming the habit on her death-bed.

<sup>4</sup> If St. Ignatius of Loyola had wished his sons to take their vow of obedience in the words of Ceolwulf, Mr. Cartwright and his admirers would have had a right to speak as they have done. The formula with its vigorous Greek construction is at their service: *juravit nullo modo se voluntati eorum contradicere velle, sed obediens in omnibus esse* (Florence of Worcester, an. 874).

<sup>5</sup> The word used by Ingulf, *excoriavit*, has been understood both literally and metaphorically in various grades of meaning, flayed alive, scourged, denuded, impoverished (compare *to flay* and *to fleaze*).



praise of that great deliverance, allowed his soul to be lifted up with vain conceit, and that, having thus forfeited by pride the grace of God, he was, for his useful humiliation, left to learn by sad experience, as many mighty conquerors have done, that the foe without is more easily subdued than the foe within, and that a strong right arm is powerless to strike down the enemies that war against the soul. Yet there is nothing in what appears of Alfred's character before and after this suspected portion of his life, there is nothing in the circumstances of his early reign, certainly nothing in the greatness of his tribulation, to make it easy to believe that the first years of his wedded life were not exemplary. To judge from his behaviour at other times he was not likely to surrender himself to undue elation of mind, and to forswear in the intoxication of a very brief and very precarious prosperity the principles which he had imbibed in early youth and had guarded at so great a cost. At Ashdown he might have felt the glow of honest exultation, but he was careful then to ascribe his victory to God, and the greatest of his early achievements was followed so closely by grievous disappointments and disheartening delays, that any natural self-satisfaction would have been quickly stifled in a fervent prayer for the continuance of that Divine protection which was never more needed than when Ethelred had been summoned from his side never to return. Even when the Danes had actually taken their departure there was no security against their return at any moment when perchance the whim might seize them. The fate of Alfred's brother-in-law followed soon as a seasonable warning. The West Saxons could not feel themselves safe with only the Thames to divide them from their active enemies. Alfred could not find leisure and encouragement for a course of vicious self-indulgence, except on the scarcely justifiable supposition that he was altogether reckless of immediate consequences to himself, his family, his country, or so bereft of sense that he could not recognize the danger of the time. Briefly, then, the state of the kingdom was more suggestive of grave anxiety to the King than of selfish enjoyment, and Alfred was not the man to make merry and to play the fool on the edge of the abyss. Alfred's marriage had been prompted by affection, not policy. In his translation of Boëtius he interpolates some remarks about the happiness of the married state, which are evidently drawn from his own experience. His love of his wife may have been increased by

her faithful companionship in his day of trial, but it had been great before. She bore him many children, whose education he guided with watchful solicitude. Some died in infancy. Edmund, the eldest son of those surviving when Asser wrote in 895, died before his father. Ethelfleda, known afterwards as the Lady of Mercia, married Ethelred the Earl of Mercia. Edward, the second son, succeeded to the throne as Edward the Elder. Ethelgiva took the veil. Elfhryth married Judith's son, Baldwin the Second. Ethelwerd, the youngest, was a studious boy, and Alfred spared no pains to form his mind to literature from his childhood, even creating for him something of a public school training by associating with him the sons of many noble earls. Alfred, then, we can be almost sure, was not a reclaimed profligate, but consistently from the beginning a good husband and a good father. Moreover, it must be remembered that during all the time of his pretended, or possible, misdeeds, he was suffering almost uninterruptedly from bodily pain.

To argue from his misfortunes to his guilt, as has been often done, is to argue as those did whom our Lord rebuked.<sup>6</sup> If Alfred was a sinful man because he was made to endure much distress, then St. Edmund of East Anglia, and Algar, and Brother Toly, and all the martyrs and confessors of holy Church, earned their bright crown by sinful acts. Next after the Man of Sorrows she suffered most of whom St. Augustine says, that where there is question of sin her name must not be mentioned in his hearing.<sup>7</sup>

In the summer of 875, suddenly, without one word having been said about previous preparations, the *Saxon Chronicle* puts Alfred forward in a very new character, for which his education in the hunting-field would scarcely have predisposed him. He appears in command of a channel fleet, and going out to meet the enemy, is victorious in the first encounter, capturing one of seven ships and putting the rest to flight.<sup>8</sup> Although naval tactics were no doubt very simple in that period of English history, yet the Danes were able seamen, and the Anglo-Saxons

<sup>6</sup> St. John ix. 2.

<sup>7</sup> "De qua propter honorem Domini nullam prorsus, quum de peccatis agitur, habere volo questionem" (St. Augustine, *De natura et gratia contra Pelagianos*, c. xxxvi.).

<sup>8</sup> "And in the summer King Ælfred went out to sea with a naval force, and fought against the crews of seven ships, and took one of them and put to flight the others" (*Saxon Chronicle*, an. 875).

had for a long time past forsaken maritime affairs, except in short fishing expeditions and an occasional trip with passengers or pilgrims to the Continent. Evidently, though the scanty narrative omits all mention of the steps which led to the fight at sea, a great deal of preparation would be needed to drill the fishermen into an effective "naval force," and to educate the Lord High Admiral for the competent discharge of his important duties. If it be asked, then, what Alfred was doing while the Danes were absent in the north, it may be answered with some confidence that during part of the time he was, among other things, building ships of war and training seamen. He had good material to work upon—heart of oak. The "English" of the coast took naturally to the water, and Alfred received many Frisian sailors into his service.

After the withdrawal of Halfdene and Guthrum and the rest, Alfred's active mind would not long consent to await submissively the turn of events. He had meditated day and night upon the ever-present thought of danger to his country from the Danes, and in silence and alone he had bewailed the loss of many a noble heart and stalwart arm. The best blood of Wessex had been poured out like water on those nine battlefields. Each fresh fight had thinned his gallant band. The hordes of the Northmen, on the other hand, seemed to grow more numerous after each encounter. Just before the battle of Wilton "there came a great summer-force to Reading."<sup>9</sup> For every Dane who bit the dust it seemed as if two more rose out of the ground to avenge him. Alfred never liked waiting for the attack of the enemy. To go out to meet the danger, "to take the bull by the horns," was his natural impulse, and it was in this spirit that he determined to fit out a fleet. The undisputed possession of the sea gave the northern pirates an incalculable advantage. They could land where they liked and retire when they chose. They never stood committed to conquer or die, for they could fall back upon their riverside fortification, and drop down the stream, and spread their sails to the breeze and vanish. They were free to come or go, and the islanders were always by necessity acting on the defensive. Alfred was resolved to put the contest on more equal terms.

<sup>9</sup> The word "Sumerlida" has been variously interpreted. Bromton, by an amusing blunder, recounts the achievements of the chieftain Somerled who sacked Reading. *Et tunc de illo loco quidam Danorum tyrannus, Somerled nomine, usque Readingum regressus villam et quicquid ibi invenit destruxit.* (Bromton, apud Twysden, p. 809).

It can scarcely be intelligent reading of history to suppose, as many do, that, because in a meagre catalogue of facts no allusion is made to naval preparations, therefore Alfred, almost on the spur of the moment, without reflection or ulterior purpose, put off to sea with a few fishing smacks and motley crews, picked up at short notice, to try and find the Danish fleet, and that, having by great good luck encountered only a very small party, he, instead of losing his life, as he deserved, gained a trifling success; and that hence arose in his mind the first idea of constructing a navy, more especially as fortune had at the same time put into his hands a Danish galley to serve for a model. The young King in any supposition was not wanting in sagacity. It seems a necessary inference that he began his shipbuilding before the summer of 875.

In this same interval of anxious suspense, about which we are told so little, Alfred must certainly have started those army improvements which in their fuller development belong to a later portion of his reign. In fine, if Alfred was willing to work, he had quite enough work on his hands from 871 to 875 to keep him out of idleness and mischief, and Alfred would not have been himself if he had not been willing to work.

Feeling that Mercia could be theirs at any time for the asking, "the army of the unbelievers" moved away from Repton to extend or enforce the Danish sovereignty in other parts of the island, leaving the miserable Ceolwulf to call himself a king till such time as they might choose for requesting him to retire into private life. Halfdene sailed down the Trent and the Humber, and following the coast northward, again carried his ships inland when he reached the Tyne. The other leaders, Guthrum, Amund, Oskytul, marched for Cambridge, and remained there a whole year without doing anything which has been deemed worthy of mention. It must be remembered that Cambridge was on the confines of Guthrum's kingdom of East Anglia, and he must have felt that, unless he was willing to reign in a wilderness it would be advisable to intermit fighting, and even perhaps to treat with politic kindness the surviving population. He may at the same time have made it pleasant and profitable to Amund and Oskytul to stay with him and help to consolidate his power for the advancement of the Danish cause.

With Halfdene the case was different. He had yet his new kingdom to acquire. He did not choose to assume, or

was not permitted by his brethren to assume the royal power in Mercia as Guthrum had appropriated it in East Anglia. He had set his mind upon Northumbria. It might have been supposed that Ingwar and Ubba would have divided between them for a permanent possession the country which their brother Halfdene was still coveting, for they had been in the field before him, and had held York at their mercy. But Ingwar and Ubba are described as jarls and Halfdene is expressly, in contradistinction, styled a king. This discrimination of titles may be understood to indicate a considerable difference in the numerical strength of the armies which either actually accompanied the several chieftains, or were ready to respond to their summons. Ingwar and Ubba, who in 875 disappear mysteriously for a time, may have been able to strike a formidable blow and pass on, while they yet could not command a sufficient force for the lasting occupation of a province. Halfdene waited patiently till the end of the winter, and then began his terrible work with grim earnestness, killing off the inhabitants and dividing their land among his own followers with injunctions to plough and sow. Bernicia had been famous for its monasteries. Not one of them all was left standing when Halfdene had finished his task. Tynemouth Abbey fell first, then Lindisfarne. Christian Europe seventy years before had uttered a cry of pain when word was brought of the total destruction of Lindisfarne. Alcuin received the account at the court of Charlemagne, and evinced by his tears the sincerity of his grief. "The man," he exclaimed, "who can think of this calamity without being struck with terror, who does not in consequence begin to amend his ways, and who does not cry to God in behalf of his country, has a heart not of flesh, but of stone." . . . "See," he writes to Ethelred, King of Northumbria, "the Church of St. Cuthbert is sprinkled with the blood of its priests, and robbed of all its ornaments; that place, the most venerable of all places in Britain, has been given in prey to the Gentiles, and where Christianity first took root among us after the departure of St. Paulinus from York, there hath occurred the first of the calamities which awaited us." The holy place was not long left desolate. The walls rose again to shelter the children of St. Cuthbert and the bones of their protector. And now before the century had run its course, the children of the pirates came back to scatter once again the stones of the sanctuary. The monks heard of Halfdene's coming in time to

escape to the hills with their sacred treasure, but the abbey was once more given to the flames. Seven clerks had been chosen to carry St. Cuthbert's shrine to a place of safety, and they were forced to move from one retreat to another as the spoilers extended their ravages. Their pious solicitude was rewarded with the success it deserved, and when the Danes, tired of bloodshed, offered peace to the survivors, the guardians of the Saint came from their hiding-place and deposited the precious relics at Conchester,<sup>10</sup> receiving the hearty thanks of their afflicted countrymen as for a most important public service rendered to Northumbria; but England long had cause to rue the desolation of the monasteries and the cruelties of the Danish conquest, for extreme misery more frequently leads to indifference and crime than to the fear of God. Halfdene seems to have waited only long enough to establish the Danish power by ruthless extermination of all who could contest it, and then, after he had taught the Picts and Strathclyde Britons to respect him, he passed over into Ireland, and met his death there.

Guthrum and his friends had taken time to deliberate about the invasion of Wessex. Early in 876 they suddenly abandoned Cambridge and put to sea. It was part of their plan to seek a fresh field for their exertions. They were already as well acquainted as they cared to be with the lower Thames and the eastern half of Alfred's dominions, so they sailed westward till they came to Dorsetshire. Pool Harbour lay full in front, tempting them to enter. Wareham, with its castle and monastery in the farthest recess of the salt-water lake, and occupying a tongue of land between two little rivers, was a position better suited to their purpose than even Reading had been. Their descent was so unexpected that the fortress, and, of course, the convent too, were in their hands almost before their presence had been fully realized. They proceeded to act exactly as they had done five years before in Berkshire, strengthening their already strong position, and trying to make a secure base of aggressive operations, and an impregnable camp of refuge at the end of the narrow strip of land between the rivers and the harbour. Again, as before, they improved the opportunity of the first arrival, and before any general resistance could be organized they spread themselves in predatory bands over the adjacent country, repeating no doubt

<sup>10</sup> Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, c. xii, vol. ii. pp. 223, seq.



the cruel work of the earlier invasion, though no detailed account remains.

Alfred was soon at hand, advancing from the west on Wareham. The scattered excursionists fell back hastily before him, and again a feeling of mutual respect is manifest. Guthrum knew that an army with Alfred at its head was a serious obstacle to further progress, and Alfred knew that to attack Danes behind earthworks was an unprofitable proceeding. The same causes produced the same results. Mutual respect at Wareham, as at Nottingham and Wilton, suggested overtures for an accommodation. Once more it is quietly assumed as an historic fact that Alfred had recourse to the worse than useless expedient of attempting to buy off the Danes. The pacification by purchase after the battle of Wilton is a pure and unfounded conjecture. The payment of money at Wareham rests upon the testimony of Ethelwerd alone. His assertion ought not singly to prevail against the certainly not accidental silence of so many chroniclers, who must have had access to the same sources of information as himself. With Burhred's fate before his eyes, and a long experience of Danish perfidy, Alfred must have known that any humiliating avowal of weakness, or anything in the nature of an appeal for mercy, would be unwise. As long as he met Guthrum on equal terms, keeping his hand upon his sword, he could, without any increase of the difficulty of the situation, consent to consider dignified proposals of peace, and if the Dane afterwards violated his engagements, there would be no harm or special danger in having made trial of armed persuasion before coming to blows. This, then, was what Alfred did, and what the old chroniclers agree in saying that he did.

The Danes were always willing to make handsome promises, because they never intended to keep them; but on this occasion they surpassed themselves. Alfred took every precaution. He made Guthrum bind his faith by a religious emblem so sacred in the eyes of the barbarians that they had not till then dared to dishonour it by perjury, and then he bade him repeat the oath upon the relics of Christ's martyrs. Alfred was distinguished for his love of sacred relics, and it would have been no foolish superstition to suppose that, altogether independently of Guthrum's own intentions, a treaty so ratified might come to be enforced by the compelling power of heaven. Moreover, Alfred might have thought that as the Philistines were afraid of the God of Israel, though they refused to serve Him, so perhaps

Guthrum also in his heart knew all the while that there was a greater God than Odin. "And the Philistines were afraid, saying: God is come into the camp. And sighing, they said: Woe to us, for there was no such great joy yesterday and the day before; woe to us, who shall deliver us from the hand of these high gods? these are the gods that struck Egypt with all the plagues in the desert."<sup>11</sup> Then the same promises were strongly secured upon an earthly foundation also, and, according to the custom of the age in greater treaties, Alfred was allowed to select his own hostages from the ranks of the enemy. This time at least it might have been believed that the Danes were in earnest in what they said.

Alfred posted a strong body of horse to watch the movements of the garrison, and drew off the main army of Wessex. He was no sooner well out of sight than all promises of speedy departure were cast to the winds. Present interest was a more cogent argument than even respect for the holy ring, and the hostages must take their chance. Guthrum only delayed long enough to lull suspicion, and then leaving the bulk of his army to hold the fortress and control the fleet, led the others forth at dead of night, fell upon the Saxon horsemen and killed them all. Then he mounted his men on the horses so obtained, and rode across country to Exeter. Exeter fell into his power as easily as Wareham had done, for no adequate vigilance could be maintained against so capricious an enemy, who by land or water, on foot or on horseback, came like death, at the most unlikely moment. In Exeter and at Wareham Guthrum resolved to pass the winter. The quick march from one strong place to another, shows that the Danes still preferred to keep behind walls when Alfred was near. Alfred, as the year was waning, and the enemy seemed disposed to desist from further offensive movements, was grateful for the delay, and tried to turn it to account in strengthening his fleet. No permanent victory could be gained while Exeter and Wareham could draw supplies and fresh forces from the sea. Rollo himself is said to have passed from Greater Britain<sup>12</sup> into Normandy this year, and it is not impossible that he made some temporary stay with Guthrum in Exeter. If he had effected a separate invasion his exploits

<sup>11</sup> 1 Kings iv. 7, 8.

<sup>12</sup> The renown of Rollo, or Rolf the Ganger, the ancestor of William the Conqueror, belongs more properly to the beginning of the ninth century. He founded the dukedom of Normandy, and after his baptism was a faithful vassal of Charles the Simple (See Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, c. iv. § 2).

would have earned a fuller mention, since it would certainly have been beneath his dignity, even in his youth, to go away without achieving some memorable deed and making the land ring with his name of fear.

Christmas of 876 must have been a time of terrible anxiety for the West Saxons. The Dane was entrenched in their borders, and with the breaking up of the frost would probably emerge from behind his earthworks. We may judge of Alfred's preparations by the results. His army was so formidable that the Danes still refused to meet him in the field. Every year of delay had increased the military strength of Wessex. The losses sustained in 871 had been, numerically at least, repaired. As Sharon Turner reminds us, those who had then been boys were now fighting men. In the spring of 867 the invaders abandoned Wareham in order to concentrate all their strength upon Exeter. Eluding Alfred, part of the forces left at Wareham struck rapidly overland to Exeter, and the remainder, perhaps reduced to the smallest available number because the weather was adverse, were deputed to bring the fleet of one hundred and twenty ships to the same destination. Alfred had intelligence of the movement, but vainly strove to catch the flying columns before they disappeared into the fortified inclosure. He sent orders to his ship captains to sail out to meet the Danish fleet, for he could not be his own admiral and field-marshal at the same moment. After a month of beating about in constant danger from the dreadful rocks of the Dorsetshire coast, the Danish galleys were not in good fighting order. Many of them went down in a storm, and the Saxons were able to sink the rest off Swanage, so that Guthrum never saw one of the ships again which he left behind him at Wareham. It had been Alfred's great desire to isolate the pagans in Exeter, and heaven had heard his prayers. Guthrum, cut off from the sea and invested by land, was immediately ready to make great promises, and as it was quite evident that he would now be glad to depart in peace from Exeter, Alfred for form's sake made him renew his most solemn engagements, demanded a new batch of important hostages, and allowed him to march into Ceolwulf's dominions.<sup>13</sup>

These events took more time than the brief description of them might lead us to suppose, so that it was again autumn

<sup>13</sup> "And they there (at Exeter) gave him as many hostages as he would have, and swore great oaths, and then held good peace" (*Anglo-Saxon Chron.* an. 877).

when Guthrum "went into the Mercians' land and divided some of it and gave some of it to Ceolwulf." Guthrum settled his men for the winter (877-8) at Gloucester and the neighbourhood.

The observance of the seasons and the regular alternation of activity and torpor were marked characteristics of Danish warfare. It seemed always the first concern at the outset of an expedition to find some strong place for comfortable hibernation, and the habits of these almost annual visitors had taught the Saxons that if they could hold them in check till the close of the autumn they had nothing more to fear for the moment. Christmas Day and the Epiphany then, as now, held the first rank among Church festivals and there may have been even some faint attempt at merrymaking, for apparently the state of things was far more hopeful than it had been twelve months before. The Danes, it was true, might come back, but also they might not come back, for possibly they had learned a lesson in the destruction of their fleet, and the siege of Exeter, which would not be at once forgotten. Meanwhile it was matter of congratulation that the soil of Wessex was for a time at least relieved from the pressure of their feet.

On the other part, Guthrum and his followers were furious at the ill fortune of the year's campaign, and when it became known that a brother of Ingwar and Halfdene, who though not named is believed to be Ubba, was not far distant on the other side of the Severn, raging like themselves for the combat and purposing an immediate descent with his ships on the Devonshire coast, Guthrum could not, or would not, restrain the ardour of his men. In their rapid marches from Wareham to Exeter, and from Exeter to Gloucester, they had seen enough of the West Saxon country to make them very reluctant to leave its lovely valleys unstained with Christian blood. Contrary to all precedent, a midwinter march was resolved upon.

If the poor Saxons had lent themselves to any foolish dream of safe repose they were rudely wakened from it when the Danes, in one of their quick stolen marches, seized without a moment's notice upon Chippenham, where Alfred had been and where they evidently hoped to find him. He was no longer there. They would have changed the whole course of English history from that day to this by capturing one man. It was just after Twelfth Night in the year 878. Alfred, except in the few words which note his disappearance, is heard of no more till Easter in sober narrative, and yet the dubious stories which

belong to those three months are in a very true sense a portion of his actual history. Whether he was really scolded in the cottage, or really went into the enemy's camp disguised as a minstrel, or really tried to share his last loaf with St. Cuthbert, who came to him as a beggar one day, and then appeared to him in his glory in a dream to comfort him, at least these stories show what in ancient days near his own lifetime was said and believed about him.

In the early months of 878, Alfred was hiding with a few followers in Selwood Forest and the woods and marshes of Somerset. The whole land lay at the mercy of the Danes, for the native army had dispersed for the winter, and the enemy were present in overwhelming force in the very midst of the scattered population to prevent the chance of a successful reassembling. Only Alfred himself could at that moment have roused his subjects from their panic fear, and he was hampered in his movements by the most painful suspicions, for some slight indications seem to show that he was not safe from treachery, and that even in Wessex base slaves were making up their minds to purchase favour like Ceolwulf at the price of the common good.

Great numbers fled beyond the sea and the rest submitted "save the King Alfred, and he with a little band withdrew to the woods and moor-fastnesses." Guthrum was more merciful than the sons of Ragnar, but the Danes could scarcely be, even for a short time, undisputed masters of the country without many a valuable life being lost to the cause of English freedom. Submission did not ensure protection to those who could prove dangerous, and the bravest, in proportion to their bravery, would be the first to fall.

Ubba did not quite venture to disturb the venerable tradition of wintry inactivity, but, if not like Guthrum at King-tide, at least in the early spring, his fleet of twenty-three ships appeared off the north coast of Devon. He bore with him the standard of vengeance, the Raven of poetic renown, woven by the three daughters of Ragnar Lodbrog in a single day for his three sons when they went to slay his slayers. The bird of ill omen was said to spread his wings when the work of blood was going well, and to let them hang down in displeasure or sadness when victory blessed the Christian cause. The raven's wings were no doubt at their widest till Ubba came to Kynwith.

Not all honest Saxons had been killed in those parts. Earl

Odda of Devonshire had not a force sufficiently large to meet Ubba in the field, but he threw himself into the fortress of Kynwith, supposed to have been near Appledore, at the mouth of the Taw which flows into Barnstaple Bay, and he held the place stoutly against all the efforts of the Danes. The inclosure was, however, ill-supplied with water, so that surrender seemed inevitable. Ubba sat down before the castle to await the sure operation of thirst. Odda, on his part, did not care to wait. He chose his time and opening the gates rushed out upon the besiegers with such good will, that at the lowest computation eight hundred and forty were killed, including Ubba, and the Raven was captured, then surely, if ever, in disconsolate attitude.<sup>14</sup>

Meantime it is only too likely that Alfred was in such straitened circumstances, that the adventure in the swineherd's cottage was sufficiently possible.<sup>15</sup> He could not help knowing that he was worth betraying, and his own immediate followers were not numerous enough to enable him to defy all danger. It would have been easy to fling his life away in some rash enterprize, but the sequel of the history proves how well he understood the higher duties of a King. He had often shown that he could fight for his country, and now he showed that he could control his impetuous valour and wait patiently for a better opportunity. Alfred was never greater than when, with his secret known to a chosen few, he wandered homeless and houseless, an outlaw in his own kingdom, with a price upon his head, but never yielding to despair, holding fast in his heart an inspired faith in the future of his country, and feeling sure that God would even yet confound the counsels of the ungodly.

It is related, and it may very easily be true, that he was one

<sup>14</sup> Brompton puts the death of Ubba at Chippenham. Matthew of Westminster and Wendover say that Ingwar and Halfdene were killed with Ubba at Kynwith. Ethelwerd says that Halfdene was with Ubba in this expedition. The Saxon Chronicle does not mention Ubba by name, but speaks of a brother of Ingwar.

<sup>15</sup> Those who will not listen to the strictures upon Alfred's conduct in the pseudo-Asser must in mere consistency refuse to accept as unquestioned history this well-known and beautiful story; for it occurs in the same undoubtedly interpolated portion. It is certain that it does not come to us with the authority of Asser's written treatise; but, whereas there are solid reasons for repudiating the account of Alfred's reprehensible conduct, there is nothing improbable in the story of the cakes, if we once admit that Alfred was living in disguise. It is just one of those little incidents which might have been preserved by oral tradition, without being considered at the time sufficiently important to find a place in a serious and meagre narrative. It may have been an actual occurrence, and with that dubious recognition we must reluctantly rest satisfied.



day resting in Selwood Forest or at Athelney in the cottage of a faithful swineherd, who had prudently withheld from the good woman of the house the stranger's name. She had little sympathy for able-bodied paupers who would not work, and when her husband was out she set the idle young man to look after some cakes on the hearth and keep them from burning, in order that her hands might be free for more important household duties. But even that simple injunction he proved himself quite incompetent to execute. She came back and the cakes were burning. He had forgotten to turn them, and received a thorough good scolding for a lazy vagrant, willing enough no doubt to eat the bread which he would not take a little trouble to help to bake. Poor Alfred had other things to think about. From his bow and arrows, which he had been putting into good order, his mind had wandered far away dreamily into the coming years with an irrepressible consciousness of some great destiny yet unfulfilled.

Alfred in his concealment is said to have recognized the high mental gifts of one of his humble companions, Denewulf by name, whom he afterwards sought out with affectionate care, and eventually made the Bishop of Winchester.

During these days of deep affliction and humiliation the happy tidings of the victory gained by Odda at Kynwith must have found their way to Alfred in his hiding-place, and beyond all doubt they played their part in sustaining his courage. Some good men and true, it was clear, were waiting for the resurrection of their King. Shortly before Easter the solitary life of a fugitive was exchanged for one of more hopeful occupation. Alfred went to Athelney, a wild secluded spot, midway between Taunton and Somerton, in the marshy tract where the Tone flows into the Parret. The locality of the island of refuge, in spite of many changes, can be fixed with some degree of accuracy, for Alfred built in his gratitude a monastery to mark the site, and provided it with ample revenues, to secure, as far as in him lay, that God might be for ever praised upon the place from which in Christian England's darkest hour salvation came. It was a sacred spot where at fixed times each day for more than six centuries prayers were said and psalms were sung till the first schismatic King in his zeal for the Bible abolished psalm-singing and secularized the land of St. Peter's Abbey. Athelney, as late as William of Malmesbury's time, could only be approached in a boat. Not more than two acres of land, according to his

description, rose high and dry above the water. It is situated to the north-east of Stanmoor, between what is now Athelney Station (Bristol and Exeter Railway) and Boroughbridge, being an island no longer, and only distinguishable by the rising ground, every vestige of the grand old abbey having been removed by tillage.<sup>16</sup> Here with the help of some trusty men of Somerset, under the faithful Ethelnoth, a true friend in need, Alfred began to make an entrenched camp. Little by little the number of his adherents increased, and he was able to send word to his wife and her mother, his children and perhaps his sister, to come and live with him in that strange palace, well suited to a King without a kingdom, yet one who was still unsubdued and every inch a King.

It is easy to believe that St. Cuthbert came to encourage him. This is the legend as Malmesbury gives it: "King Alfred by the incursion of the barbarians was reduced to such extremity, that he lay concealed ingloriously in a diminutive island, named Adeligei. Of this island I have spoken before in my account of the Bishops of Wells. There, accordingly, one day when he was indoors sunk in deep slumber (for grief of mind had procured him the repose of sleep), while his companions were dispersed along the river-side, lo and behold St. Cuthbert accosts him where he lies. 'I am Cuthbert, Bishop erewhile of Lindisfarne. God hath sent me to announce good tidings to thee, for, England hath already long endured the heavy chastisement of her sins, and at length for the merits of the saints her children He hath regarded her with eyes of mercy. Thou also so piteously thrust forth from thy kingly power shalt soon regain thy throne triumphantly. And thereunto a goodly sign I will give to thee. Thy fishermen this day shall come bearing abundance of great fishes in their baskets. This will be the more miraculous, because during these days the frozen surface of the ice-bound stream forbids such hope, while the air dropping frosty dew disconcerts the cunning of all the fishermen. But thou, when full prosperity is thine, wilt act as becomes a King, if thou shalt with due devotion offer some good service to God thy helper and to me His messenger.' So saying,

<sup>16</sup> The celebrated "jewel of King Alfred" was found in Newton Park at some distance northward from the abbey in 1693. It is of gold and enamel, and bears on one side a grotesque outline figure of a king or a queen holding in each hand a flower, or a sceptre surmounted by a flower, and on the other side a large flower. Round the edge runs the inscriptions: AELFRED MEC HEAT GEWYRCAN. It is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

the Saint set free from many cares the sleeping King, and with the same joyful message comforted his mother<sup>17</sup> who was near at hand taking her rest. Both awaking recounted to one another what they had dreamed with many repetitions of the very words, and at the same time the fishermen returning, brought for a confirmation of the dream more fishes than could be counted. And not long after he regained his kingdom and all its glory as in our narrative we have related more at length."

How St. Cuthbert's word came true remains to be seen.

<sup>17</sup> Eadburgha, doubtless. Sir Francis Palgrave informs us in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (c. vi.) that it was Osburgha!

A. G. K.

### *A Discovery in 1628.*

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IN the times of Catholic persecution, the accession of a new Sovereign to the throne was regarded, both by the Catholic and Protestant side, as likely to introduce some alleviation in the sufferings of every kind inflicted on the Catholics. Protestant fears and Catholic hopes had both been set at rest when James the First broke his former promises, and, to the surprise of all, showed himself a more bitter persecutor than Elizabeth. But now the new King, Charles the First, had given to England a Catholic Queen; and the extension, in consequence, of something more approaching to religious toleration, combined with other elements of alarm and discord, determined the Puritan Parliament to frighten and coerce the King, and to arrest, by every expedient, the possible return of the old religion which they so much hated and feared.

The natural result of a temporary and partial lightening of the hand of persecution was that the poor hunted priests began to breathe a little more freely, and that increased security drew larger numbers of Catholics together, in their faith and devotion, to worship God according to their consciences. Desirous of benefiting, like others, from the unwonted calm, the Superiors of the Society of Jesus sought to give greater efficiency to their missionary work by establishing a quasi-novitiate in or about London, instead of their house of mere occasional resort, called "White Webbs," on Enfield Chase. In 1624 the head-quarters for their novices was a residence in Edmonton, which, in the following year, they changed for one at Camberwell; and, two years after, they were so emboldened by their success in avoiding observation as to hire a large residence belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury, at the corner of the Broadway above Clerkenwell. This seems to have been a very bold step indeed, and though very few could have ventured on leading community life within the walls of their novitiate at the same time, yet it might have been felt that discovery sooner or later was almost

inevitable. This came very soon indeed, and created such a stir both inside the House of Parliament and beyond it as to make "The Clerkenwell Discovery," though a very small and simple affair in itself, the cause of very serious consequences through the bungling of Protestant malevolence. As thus dramatized and travestied it not only was a great blow to the Society of Jesus itself, and occasioned much bitter political strife, but it was undoubtedly the means of alienating the King still more from his constitutional advisers, of hastening the final dissolution of Parliament, and of inflicting the bitterest of all disappointments on the Puritan party when they found that the enemies whom they hoped to crush had escaped their hands.

Besides these points of interest there was a dramatic character about the "Discovery at Clerkenwell" which places it vividly before the eye, and presents its ludicrous as well as its serious side to us, while, from a controversial point of view, it leaves a most useful moral behind it. Our first chapter shall be, the Discovery actually made; our second, the Discovery so ingeniously hatched.

It seems that the 19th of March, in 1628, being the Feast of St. Joseph, was chosen for the renewal of the vows of some members of the Society, and for the solemn profession of others; and for that purpose they were summoned by letter to meet in the Residence at Clerkenwell by the 11th of that month, in order to make together their eight days' retreat. Unfortunately not only was it necessary, for attaining this pious end, that the several Fathers should be smuggled in and supplied with the spiritual food of meditation and other religious exercises, but food for the carnal man had to be smuggled in also, and that in no very stinted quantity. However simple and innocent the object, the danger of the times made secrecy and contrivance necessary, even though, if detected, such honest mode of self-preservation was sure to be treated as a fresh crime and unanswerable proof of guilt by the persecutor, whose cruel and cunning watchfulness had been its only cause.

In such cases the plan is to bring provisions from a distance; this was done, and the tradespeople of the neighbourhood first suspected and then watched. We can fancy we see the Clerkenwell baker and grocer looking curiously from their shop doors at the now unshuttered windows, and then each retiring to ruminate behind his counter in isolated wonderment as to whether there must not be people living there, who required

to be fed too, and whose bread or groceries did not come from him. He would consult his neighbour tradesman, and see what he thought of it. Thus the jealousy spread and grew in intensity, for it was a grievance of a very genuine and delicate nature. Some women also had seen a poor neighbour or two better off for food than usual, and they had been observed coming from the suspected direction; moreover, ugly rumour fixed the plague spot of recusancy on them, and how should any dare to give them alms. A third party coming home late had watched lights in the windows, several at a time, and more than one figure shadowed on the blind. Another knew a high lady, a Mrs. Gawdy, a judge's wife, and would carry her suspicions to her. At last notice was sent to Humphrey Crosse, one of the pursuivants, who was fully alive to the chance of a great job and a round sum of money for charges, and went straightway to the State Secretary, Sir John Cooke.

Mr. Secretary Cooke, in his narrative of the Discovery, himself tells what he did. "The time considered," when Charles, having already twice met the people in Parliament without satisfactory results, was about to hold a third Parliament, "I thought fit to make no further delay, and therefore gave warrant to the sayd Crosse with Mr. Longe (justice of the *peace*) and the constables next adjoyning to enter the house, and to search what persons resorted thither, and to what end they concealed their being there." Now on the entry of these the scene became certainly very dramatic, and by no means without a comic touch in it. Sudden suspicion and alarm were evidently caused. The first found, being the person who opened the door, claimed, probably with truth, to be a servant of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The next, a lay-brother, maintained, oddly enough, that he was the gardener—he undoubtedly would be very much out of place in Clerkenwell as it now is. The third discovery was that of some serving woman. On offering to go to the upper rooms, which seemed carefully closed, one of the two valiant defenders threatened the whole *posse comitatus* of constables with a determined resistance, adding that they would go upstairs at their peril. Latham must have been a singularly imposing personage, for the risk seemed at once so terrible that not only were proceedings stayed till a second visit, but "more help was desired," says Mr. Secretary Cooke, "more ample warrant for their proceedings, and the Sheriffs of London were sent for their assistance."



Being thus amply reinforced, the stairs were eventually stormed and the fresh position secured, no one however was to be found, those within having committed the fresh offence of betaking themselves to their "*lurking-places*," by which word Secretary Cooke happily suggests the imputation of treasonable designs, adding grimly, "which themselves call their *securities*," smiling to himself no doubt at the reflection what poor security they had found therein. The only persons to be discovered above were a sick man and a lay-brother attending him, but going down into the cellars the pursuivant "espied a brick wall *newly made*, which he caused to be pierced, and there within the vault they found Father Bankes, the rector of their College, with five others." What a work of hasty anxious labour is here revealed to us, if we can imagine that this forlorn hope was silently, busily, nervously run up while time was being gained above stairs. The position in which the rector was found fails to cast a halo of dignity or pathos round the scene of his capture, but Father Henry More's short notice in his blunt, matter-of-fact abruptness suggests a painful resemblance to a second Gunpowder Plot discovery, for he merely says that "the pursuivants seized the rector, who was hidden in a cellar underground, with the sacred vessels and altar furniture, and some Fathers." All were, of course, carried off to Newgate, though only one was condemned to death as a priest, having publicly said Mass in the Spanish Ambassador's chapel; and he, as well as the rest, eventually escaped.

It was too evident that no great capital could be made out of the Discovery thus far, but was there not a large and roomy house now open wide for general ransacking, and the grandeur of their discovery lay in the documents and letters then brought to light, for, as More says, "the pursuivants searched the house from top to bottom." And yet, what after all was discovered? The list is soon told, and the State Paper Office contains to this day the full bulk of the treasonable matter. House accounts head the catalogue, and tell rather of a fair amount of good cheer than of high treason, and that these plotters against the State were not above the discussion of such matters as bread and beer, wine, meat, fish, vegetables, and the like. One item, however, does surprise us as recurring in the accounts of these arch-plotters, to wit, "subsidie and payments to the King, £7 15s. 8d." Several other documents, marked by the letters of the alphabet,

contain simply various missionary and domestic regulations connected with the Provincial Visitation of 1625. Some directions and points of information to be given in Annual Letters follow these, then a letter from the Father Provincial respecting relief for the Colleges of St. Omer and Louvain, and another from Father General chiefly about the matter of health. A more important document was that "Of the lawful manner of answering to questions of going to Church, or receavinge, or doing other religious actions." Lastly, we have catalogues of the members of the Province, according to their position in the Society, their retreats, and their renovation of vows, &c.; and more especially a famous letter, of which more hereafter, that exercised the brains and wits of Mr. Secretary Cooke and others with no less wise and felicitous results than Catholic emblems and monograms have done of late years in the case of their Protestant successors.

Such then was the sum total of the State treason in and about "the Clerkenwell Discovery," so that, in the calmness and sincerity with which even a Protestant can look back and discuss Catholic doings, the writer of an article on this subject in the *Camden Miscellany* for 1852-3, vol. ii., acknowledges "Among the papers seized at Clerkenwell are several which are of importance to the history of the internal government and policy of the Roman Catholics in this country; but the amount of the treasonable matter which they contain must have sadly disappointed the State lawyers, who, with others, were attempting to convert the 'Discovery' into an engine of political influence upon the Parliament."

This last remark of the writer introduces our second chapter, which explains how, as has often been done before and since, a Discovery was hatched in 1628. Immediately after making the flimsy discovery we have just narrated, it was resolved to turn it to political account. The Protestant writer quoted above calls the intention "a crooked policy," but thinks some of the mistakes made may not have been wilful; we can only concede that amount of blundering error on some points into which evil design, suspiciousness, and credulity are even yet constantly betraying the Protestant mind in its haste to accept every story unfavourable to Catholics. Parallels to the Clerkenwell Discovery are of daily occurrence, and present a curious study under these three heads, how much of the unlikely, uncharitable, or evidently false the Protestant mind can bring itself to believe;

how much of its knowledge of facts it can bring itself to suppress; how much of malicious invention it can bring itself to concoct.

Thus it was no real alarm for the safety of the State in consequence of the Discovery lately made, neither was it any real belief in the treasonable intentions of those whose novitiate had just been ransacked and plundered that prompted Sir John Cooke to make his fresh attack against all Catholics, and the Jesuits in particular. These last had been arrested on the 15th of March, and he did not address the Parliament on the subject till the 24th. He had then ample time to examine all the documents seized, he showed that he was actually well acquainted with their contents, and he knew full well that no evidence of treason could be got out of them by fair means. The Secretary opened his attack with these words: "The first sower of seeds of distraction among us was an agent of Spain, Gondemar; since that we have had other ministers that have blown the fire. . . . Whilst we sit here in Parliament, there was another intended Parliament of Jesuits and other well-wishers within a mile of this place. That this is true was discovered by letters sent to Rome. If you look in your calendar there is a day of St. Joseph. It was called in the letter the 'Oriental day,' and that was the day intended for their meeting. I speak this to see God's hand to work our union in their division." This statement Mr. Secretary ventured upon in consequence of reading two of the intercepted letters, one of which summoned Mr. Edward Parr (probably Father More, then near Barnstaple) to come to London that he might take his vows on St. Joseph's Day, and thus pointed to a distinct day very near at hand; the second letter he misread in his desire to invest the day with a craftily veiled mystery, and the supposed meeting itself with dark and treacherous schemes, which had their only existence in his own scheming imagination. Father Sander's letter to the same Father Edward Parr opens with this source of the Secretary's absurd blunder, the good Father little anticipating the grave results of his phraseology. "Sir,—I have received these inclosed to bee directed unto you. They came post festum; so you will fynde tyme to celebrate this Orientall joye, which is here highly esteemed." The above sentence simply directs the celebration of the newly conceded feast for the three Japonian Martyrs on some convenient day, since on the 15th of

February, when the letter was written, the feast itself fixed for the 5th of the month was already passed. Plotters often overreach themselves, and in this matter the Secretary was both a plotter and calumniator. The dates and objects of these letters showed him that they were neither sent to Rome nor had any connection with Rome. Not a word occurs in them to give the faintest colouring to the malicious accusation couched in the expression "anti-Parliament," or to the statement, softened down, yet made more formal, two days after, "Even at this time they intend to hold a concurrent assembly with this Parliament." Sir John Cooke's accusation was the purest invention, but it served its malicious purposes.

When Parliament revived the whole question in the following year, the Secretary was a little more guarded in his assertions; he had probably found out his mistake. We hear no more of the "Oriental day," and, as the Secretary shared in the modern Protestant estimate of truthfulness and fair play, we hear as little of any acknowledgment of his error. He managed, however, to cap it by a fresh utterly unfounded invention, saying: "It appeareth the Jesuits had purchased £200 of lands per annum." Sir John Cooke was directed to draw up a narrative of the Discovery, and we may well believe it does not err on the side of charitable construction. He knew well from the accounts that no community of any size was represented by them; he knew that, however carefully the number of Jesuits taken was swelled out, they really numbered five Fathers, and he was too well informed not to call their temporary residence a novitiate by name; he was, at the same time, keenly alive to his disappointment in finding nothing whatever in the many papers seized that could incriminate the Society or render it safe for him to make public use of them. Yet he insists on calling the house "a college;" he maintains that their object was "to exercise their religious and other unlawful practices against our Church and State, as appeareth, first by the inventory of goods and utensils; secondly by the accompts of their receipts and issues; and thirdly by the memorials and directions of their Governments, which are all found with them."

We confess we should have enjoyed much to have seen the worthy Secretary put to the public proof of this brilliant conclusion, drawing evidences of treason out of butchers' bills and a grocer's sundries; fashioning spits and

knives and stewing-pans into pikes, bayonets, and bombshells; or evolving perilous intrigues "undermining the State" out of a Provincial's domestic notes four years old. Even after this, Sir John had not detected how absurd his narrative would read when the persecuting phrensy of those times had cooled down; so, having it his own way in his study, he surpassed himself in his final summing up. "Now, further to show that their proceedings and practices were against the peace and settled government of the State is manifest in these points," &c. We may mention, in his name, that these points were the refusing, and directing others to refuse the oath of spiritual allegiance to the King, the existence of a government amongst them, which fact alone implied the withdrawal of his Majesty's subjects from their due allegiance to him; and lastly the modern grievance of religious fraternities, ecclesiastical observances, and specially the sodality of our Lady, together with "false news of lying miracles," and their daring to promote the novices of their Society. Are we not, perhaps, too hard in making this Mr. Whalley of the Stuart period convict himself of absurdity, when we find the same unreasoning malignity so generally poured forth over the pious practices of Catholics in our own time?

The aiders and abettors, however, of Sir John Cooke in hatching this "Clerkenwell Discovery," were far more unprincipled and unscrupulous plotters than himself. It is very amusing to find the stout words of the valiant Latham, though not verified by a single blow or the discovery of even a solitary rapier or pistol, magnified into this report, "at first they resisted with store of arms and weapons." The Secretary's inventiveness is also improved upon by the following, "Sir John Cooke declared unto the House that this *one of the Jesuit's Colleges* was discovered by intercepted letters to be an anti-Parliament, appointed to begin, *by commission from Rome*, upon St. Joseph's Day." These were small lies, the excitement begun in the Parliament was spread far and wide by the worst act of all—the forgery, on a grand scale, of a very long and clumsily written letter treating of political and parliamentary subjects. This professed to have been written by a Jesuit of authority to the Father Rector at Brussels about the ensuing Parliament, and it was endorsed at different times and by different persons of weight, such as Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, Prynne the great Puritan politician and writer,

Rushworth and others, as having been part of the Discovery made at Clerkenwell. Its acceptance as a genuine and damning discovery was designedly assisted by a second forgery, the work probably of the same hand, professing to have been a despatch sent by a Committee of the Privy Council to Lord Falkland, then Lord Deputy in Ireland, to draw his attention to a copy of the Discovery at Clerkenwell inclosed along with it, and to the forged Jesuit's Letter which, it states, was discovered amongst their other papers. In a not unusual blunder this despatch turned traitor upon itself by being dated the 2nd of March, thirteen days before the event happened which it narrates.

As to the authenticity of the forgery in chief, we think we are safe in saying that a Jesuit would pronounce adversely on it from its opening sentence which runs thus: "Father Rector,—Let not the damp (or dump) of astonishment seaze upon your most dear and jealous soule in apprehending the suddayne and unexpected calling of this Parliamente. We have not opposed, but rather furthered it, soe that wee hope as much in this Parliament, as ever wee feared any in queene Elizabethes' dayes." Parts of the letter seem founded on discussions which took place in Parliament before it was prorogued in June, 1628, and though a copy in the Bodleian Library is endorsed, "This was counterfeited by a friend of the Duke of Buckingham, purposely to get him off," its main object was far more probably to prevent the Jesuits escaping a condemnation which it was determined to secure if possible. Thus the Privy Council ordered, on November 14, in the same year, that the recusants taken at Clerkenwell, "shall be removed to the prison of Newgate, and such of them as are not convicted and condemned shall be proceeded against, until they be condemned."

The use, however, intended to be made of this infamous libel is expressed plainly enough on the title-page of the edition published by Ralph Rounthwait in 1643. "The copy of a letter addressed to the Father Rector at Brussells, found among some Jesuites taken at London, about the third yeare of his Majesties raigne. Wherein is manifested that the Jesuites from time to time have been the only incendiaries and contrivers of the miseries and destruction of this kingdome. And how their designs are, by a perpetual motion, carried on by the same counsels at this time as formerly they have been." On a second title occurs this addition—"Showing there is a perpetuall mischievous motion of the Jesuites for England's ruin." It is



hardly likely that the fabrication of this forgery was suggested by Sir John Cooke, though certainly its prominent allusion, amongst other introductory remarks, to the influence of the Spanish ambassador, Count de Gondomar, in obtaining from King James the release of Catholic prisoners seems to have been inspired by the exactly similar allusion by which the Secretary had opened his attack in Parliament. Perhaps both were taken from an amusing print issued four years previously in Thomas Scott's *Vox Populi*, or *News from Spain*, and illustrating some words put into the mouth of the Ambassador. In this engraving eighteen persons are seated in council at a square table, on which are placed a bell, a cross, a lighted candle, a crucifix and two books; a seal and writing materials are before one who appears to act as Secretary. This is Father Palmer, who is dressed out in the costume of a gentleman, with a hat and feather. The rest are all in ecclesiastical attire, with square caps.

One thing, at all events, we cannot exonerate the Secretary from; he and all the other Privy Councillors profited by the mischievous effects of a libellous and calumnious forgery, which they knew perfectly well had emanated neither from Catholic nor Jesuit, and had not been found in their house or amongst their papers at Clerkenwell. Sir John Cooke did not even pretend that it had formed any part of that discovery, no reference is made to it in his narrative, nor is it included in the inventory which he so carefully made up and preserved. Sir John Maynard in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, written during the year 1628, discloses somewhat the disgraceful connection of Parliament with this document, and suggests the possibility of his having been himself the author. He writes: "If you had seen when Secretary Cooke spake of letters that he had intercepted of the Jesuites, and what whispering and caballing there was amongst Parliament men that sumthing contayned in those letters concerned the Duke, otherwise they had been published to humour the house . . . you would have smiled and not frowned at it."

It seems that every one, all round, found out with disgust his little scheme had failed. The worthy Mr. Long, and that still more disinterested supporter of the new religion, Mr. Crosse, felt themselves equally aggrieved. The case of the latter seems rather hard, the righteousness of his cause had suffered by not meeting with a due pecuniary reward; we find him on April 18

complaining that he had as yet received no such reward, even though the Privy Council had voted him recompense out of the Jesuit property, "such as shall be thought fit." Nay, even September found him still humbly craving allowance for his many heavy disbursements, let alone the merit of his services. He proves himself to have been a much injured man; after enumerating seven persons, besides others, he remarks most touchingly, "All these Jesuites was taken by me at Clerkenwell in a secrett place in a brick wall. For which said service, as yett, I have received no satisfaction, notwithstanding there is a statute that in whose house a priest shal be taken, there is fiftie Pounds dew unto him that takes him." We certainly congratulate him, as no doubt he congratulated himself, that at least he had said nothing to his fellow conspirators about "the money in the house, £7 13s. 9d. secured by Crosse, the pursuivant."

Even Mr. Long is worthy of some commiseration. We do not know how much he expected out of the business, but he certainly managed to get the lion's share of the robbery. Amongst several other things which he handed over, not to Government, for he fairly thought they had not much right in the matter, but to his own house, were "two watches," besides "a stock of books which was very small;" how sad for him that the library, which report had rated at £400 in value, was no more than "a little trunk with forty books in it." However, "he gave to his son, one Corpus case, with furniture, and other things belonging to the Altar, being massing stuff, which he took out of the court cupboard in the dining chamber." We are not told that he cared to possess the "old English Bible," which, *pace* to our Protestant friends, was found along with the few books, even in a Jesuit house.

Thus ends the account of "The Clerkenwell Discovery"—an event, which, as we said at starting, was most trivial in itself, but yet attended with very serious consequences to the highest in the land, and one that reads for us in these days, as well as then, the true value of all Protestant discoveries. The writer in the *Camden Miscellany* has stated the case most fairly and justly, but there is one great lesson which he left out. A number of Priests, both secular and religious, are scattered through the land risking property, ease, and life itself for the simple benefit of souls. With a great increase of danger, pain, and anxiety to themselves some of them meet in London for only spiritual purposes. They are suddenly pounced upon,

their house unexpectedly ransacked from garret to cellar, not a document or scrap of paper is left behind. Call it college, novitiate, or what you like, it is at all events the central residence of the Society of Jesus in the country, and you have here the secret working of the Society in England *in radice*, yet absolutely nothing whatever could be found to hang a treasonable or even political accusation upon. Never has there been such an opportunity as this in the country before or since, yet Sir John Cooke and his party could find nothing save a misread letter, and out of that, and a forged document supported by fresh forgery, they hatched "The Clerkenwell Discovery."

J. M'L.

### *Our Father Man.*

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THE "Ethics of Religion" is the title of a remarkable paper by Professor Clifford in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, 1877. The paper is remarkable as the revelation of one "who opposeth and lifteth himself up against all that is called God." Every species of priesthood, the Catholic priesthood in particular, falls under the severest reproach. The Professor

Can find no evidence that seriously militates against the rule that the priest is at all times and in all places the enemy of all men—*Sacerdos semper ubique, et omnibus inimicus.*

I have no reply to this invective. The order against whom it is levelled will find their consolation in those words spoken to the hierarchs of Christianity at their first mission: "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be like his master, and for the servant that he be like his lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more those of his household? Therefore fear them not."

My concern is not with what the Professor would destroy, but with what he proposes to build up in the place. What that is is soon told. Instead of our Father in heaven "our father Man" is to live and reign. "By man," the professor says, "I mean men organized into a society." Human society is to occupy the place of God. Man is to be his own God, his own helper and deliverer. The picture of the substitution is thus drawn:—

Far be it from me to undervalue the help and strength which many of the bravest of our brethren have drawn from the thought of an unseen helper of men. He who, wearied or stricken in the fight with the powers of darkness, asks himself in a solitary place, "Is it all for nothing? Shall we indeed be overthrown?" He does find something

which may justify that thought. In such a moment of utter sincerity, when a man has bared his own soul before the immensities and the eternities, a presence, in which his own poor personalty is shrivelled into nothingness, arises within him, and says, as plainly as words can say, "I am with thee, and I am greater than thou." Many names of gods, of many shapes, have men given to this presence, seeking by names and pictures to know more clearly and to remember more continually the guide and helper of men. . . . After all, such a helper of men, outside of humanity, the truth will not allow us to see. The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade away slowly before us, and as the mist of his presence floats aside we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am."

There shall come for the writer of the foregoing words, as there shall come also for his critic, one supreme moment of utter sincerity, a moment when he shall stand face to face with the immensities and the eternities, not with their idea, but with their substance—I speak of the moment of death. Then again shall recur that agonizing question: "Is it all for nothing? shall we indeed be overthrown." I know not what answer our father Man—that is, human society—shall make to console him in that distress. "I am with thee" indeed? But human society is not with him; he is going out from among his fellows, and they are staying behind. The doom is passed for that soul to be torn from his tent, and his root plucked out of the land of the living.

Mortality and immortality—two facts, the one beheld with the bodily eye, the other with the eye of the mind—these are the two poles, north and south, that are laid down in the navigation chart of the sea of troubles which we call this world. And northwards is the course which we are all compelled to steer. To mariners in our circumstances the view of life presented by Professor Clifford affords small comfort. He insists upon "the necessity for a man who would be a man to lose his poor single personality in the being of a greater and nobler combatant, the nation." The man dies, but the nation, the race survives. There will be plenty of Englishmen, myriads of human beings left to dance and enjoy themselves when I am gone. Quite so; but the thought is scarcely one to smooth

my dying pillow. My father Man, I must say, is something of a cynic.

He can do nothing but mock me in the hour of death ; and for my short life what happiness does the Professor, his spokesman hold out to me if I will serve Man alone ? The happiness of the nation, to be sure. The happiness of the nation ; what is that but the happiness of the particular men and women who compose the nation ? There is no such thing as corporate happiness : the body politic is not a sentient nature. If my poor single personalty, and my neighbour's, and everybody's, is to be immolated for the good of all the rest collectively, then we shall all be sacrificed, and sacrificed in vain ; or rather, our offerings will go to fill the maw of certain sharks, who will prey upon the commonwealth in the name of liberty. A nice plan for the equable diffusion of happiness ! The big fish are not to worry more of the little fish than they can digest, and the little fish are to submit to be worried with a good grace when the big ones are really hungry. And when a big fish has waxed bloated and overgrown, his carcase shall furnish a meal for the small fry. So shall the spirit of mutual accommodation be rife among the finny tribes. But, heaven save the mark, a man whose spirit has caught any glimpse of the immensities and eternities, a man who has ever looked down into his own fathomless potentialities of personal development and personal happiness, will shudder at having his individuality repressed in that detestable commune. And yet, whither can he go ? If there be no immortality and no God he may as well accept Professor Clifford's scheme of the solidarity of human society, though even on that hypothesis, as another eminent professor of the same school has remarked, "the belief in our immortality is the reverse of comforting," it is the very bane of earthly Utopias.

Suppose that all notions of the soul being immortal is an utter chimera. Nevertheless, chimera though it be, the notion has haunted the minds of men from the beginning, and will haunt them to the end. No discoveries made at Tübingen or elsewhere can avail to exorcise the goblin, and allow the lover of this world to taste full peace in his riches. In vain old Lucretius wrote, for the soothing of his Epicurean brethren : "Death is nothing, and concerns us not one jot ;" in vain he proceeds to enlarge upon the delights of that sleep of total extinction. "For in that sleep of death what dreams may



come." Long as Hamlet's soliloquy shall echo in the heart of man, long as conscience shall make cowards of us all, so long, in spite of Professor Clifford, will men continue to quail before another tribunal than that of their fellow-mortals, and to welcome any who can produce credentials of a superhuman commission for the granting of a pardon that will hold good beyond the grave.

But is it quite certain—readers will pardon the question, to which the Professor makes bold to answer in the affirmative—that there is no God, and that the Church of God is an imposture. The Professor's indignation kindles against those who believe upon insufficient grounds. May we not be angry with him, or, rather, shall we not pity him, who disbelieves without sufficient examination? If there is a God indeed, and man was made solely to praise, reverence, and serve Him, then the concluding words of the Professor's article, quoted above, are a terrible blasphemy, a cry mounting up to heaven for vengeance. A man should at least meditate for years in silence and sincerity of heart ere he ventures to assume that there is no God above him. He should study and reflect for at least as many years more before coming out in public as a preacher of Atheism. And if, at the end of that time, he has the least doubt or suspicion lurking within his breast that after all there may be a God, let him beware and hold back, better that all mankind should perish than that any man should deny his God, if a God there be. The Professor would exact the utmost circumspection in a statesman when there was question of plunging his country into a great war; has he himself sat down and calculated the costs before drawing the sword and inviting all England to follow him, *adversus Dominum et adversus Christum ejus*? Or is not that a great war?

There are some indications about Professor Kingdon Clifford's paper which seem to tell that the accuracy of his study of the Christian faith has not been all that we could have desired, and that a five year's course of Pythagorean silence on matters of religion might possibly teach him more things about God than at present come within his theology. One would give him this advice for his inquiries during that interval: let him leave other forms of religion aside, and study closely the Church which is represented in the Vatican Council, that Church which he already knows sufficiently to concentrate his hatred upon it as the chief representative of God in this world.

Among the doctrines which he calls "wicked stories of theologians," he names the doctrine of original sin. The horror which he expresses for this tenet convinces me that he does not understand the meaning of it, not, certainly, the Catholic meaning; he may very well have drawn his notions from the sombre pages of some Calvinist divine. To elucidate the Catholic teaching on this point, and to calm the Professor's indignation, I will venture to tell a story, which I trust shall not be a wicked one, nor, for a parable, an untrue one.

There was once a King, who having a desert island in his dominions, sent two of his subjects there, man and wife, to people it with their descendants. The man was a groom in the royal stable, the wife a scullion in the King's kitchen. The King, out of pure liberality, created the woman a duchess and the man a duke. He further willed and ordained that their children, and their children's children, for all time, should be born dukes and duchesses, so that the ducal rank should be the congenital property of every individual of the race. He intended, after each of this family had lived for a certain time in the island, to invite him or her to come and reside in his palace, to sit at his table, and be as one of the blood royal. But this bounty was not altogether free of conditions. The King notified to the head of the family, the exgroom, that he expected him to pay a nominal rent of half a crown a year, in token that the island was the King's and the fulness thereof. Otherwise; the King threatened that husband and wife should be degraded to the rank of commoners their natural condition; that their children also should be born commoners and not nobles: in fact that the family should suffer something like what in English law is called an attainder. The penalty however was to differ from the penalty of attainder principally and most notably in this, that whereas the issue of an attainted nobleman, though debarred from their ancestral honours, are still full citizens, and as such, share equally with the other citizens the royal countenance and favour, the children of whom I speak, were to be born objects of the royal displeasure. They were to be commoners in a state, where, according to the constitution, all the citizens ought to be nobles. In such a state, the commoner is not an ordinary citizen, but a pariah and an outlaw, he bears a brand upon him.

Well, the first year, the half-crown rent was paid, but the second year it was not forthcoming. Consequently the King was as good as his word; he degraded the duke and duchess to

their original base condition ; their children too were doomed to be born, not dukes and duchesses, but commoners and poor servants of his Majesty. Afterwards by an extraordinary condescension which it is not necessary here to describe in particular, the King pardoned the guilty couple, and restored them to their honours and titles. But he enacted that the ducal rank should no longer be the congenital appanage of every child of the race as such, but should be conferred by the performance of a certain ceremony. Previously to this ceremony, the new-born babe bore upon him the mark of the offence of his first sire : he was a commoner where none but nobles were approved : he was in a state of degradation, consequent upon the delinquency of the head and author and moral representative of his race : he was therefore an object of the royal displeasure, a political enemy of his Majesty. And in the event of his being summoned away from the island before the ceremony of the restoration of his nobility had been gone through, how would the King's anger against him have been made manifest ? Let us see. We must suppose the party to have committed no treason by any personal act of his own will. He is then called from the island, while still a commoner, being such in consequence of his ancestor's offence. On coming before the King, he is treated accordingly as a commoner and a servant—a commoner and a servant there, where by the original patent granted to his family, he should have been a noble and a prince. He is made the King's beadsman and pensioner, where he should have been the monarch's familiar and friend. He is not imprisoned or tortured, he has every liberty, every comfort that a plebian can aspire to : he is in the enjoyment of competency and ease, but not of princely fortune. He has all that his nature of itself asks, but not all that the King ordained that nature to enjoy : he is a fallen nobleman, he is tainted in blood, he is in disgrace for a family fault : he lies under a ban and sentence of deprivation.

So far the parable. The explanation will be obvious to Catholic readers. For persons who are not acquainted with the Catholic doctrines of original sin and the supernatural state a classical authority on the subject would be found in the opening pages of Father Harper's essay on the Immaculate Conception.<sup>1</sup> I should not advise any one to agree with Professor Clifford, that "to condemn all mankind for the sin of Adam and Eve,

<sup>1</sup> *Peace through the Truth*, First Series, p. 292-311.

is a magnified copy of what all bad men do," before he has read and mastered the pages I have cited. They contain the Catholic teaching in a form intelligible to any average native of these realms. To speak mildly, it is an unfair, ungentlemanly, un-English procedure, to revile a belief without taking ordinary means to understand it.

It is time return to "our father"—as he now appears, "our brother man." In reference to universal brotherhood the Professor tells us this piece of history :

When men respect human life for the sake of man, tranquillity, order, and progress go hand in hand ; but those who only respected human life because God had forbidden murder, have set their mark upon Europe in fifteen centuries of blood and fire.

Mr. Mill somewhere in his *Logic* has pointed out how fallacious is the argument from observation of instances, when there is question of detecting the causes of social phenomena. Those phenomena are complex effects, the results of many causes, and not always of the same causes. Even though it be true that life is more respected in England in the nineteenth century than it was in the fourteenth, it were rash to assume as the reason, that God is respected less. For anyhow God is still respected in England : the *Fortnightly Review* has not yet become the exponent of the religious sentiments of the nation ; and possibly Englishmen, when they cease to worship anything but the State, may be less chary of shedding blood, at least the blood of the State's reputed enemies. Just one hundred years ago in France, philosophers of the *Fortnightly* stamp were blowing the trumpet of "the love of our brother for the sake of our brother," and soon, responsive to the blast, there arose the guillotine. At a later date, physical manifestation of the spread of the spirit of fraternity in the same land has been petroleum. Already, in the course of the first century of their development, "the principles of '89" which is not easy to distinguish from the principles of Professor Clifford, have left upon Europe more than one mark of blood and fire.

Doubtless, the Professor personally deprecates and abhors slaughter and incendiarism. But the point of interest for the world at large is, not what a private individual approves and recommends, but what is likely to be the action of the forces which that individual is setting to work among the masses.

What will the people make of the lessons of working for Man and acknowledging no God? To adapt the Professor's words:

We are not concerned with any refined evaporations of these doctrines which are exhaled by courtly theologians [*say Professors*], but with the naked statements which are put into the minds of children and of ignorant people, which are taught broadcast and without shame in denominational [*say secularist*] schools.

We have been witnesses how the Parisian populace interpreted Rousseau and Voltaire; let us hope that the British rough may never publish his commentary on the fraternal amenities of Professor Clifford.

J. R.

## Catholic Review.

### I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Natalie Narischkin*, Sister of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 2 vols. Bentley, 1877.

WE have already noticed this last and very beautiful work of the authoress of the *Récit d'une Sœur*, but the appearance of an English translation, which will bring it within the reach of a new circle of readers, may well be the occasion of a word or two more of special recommendation. We have seen this work announced, strangely enough, in a list of new "Works of Fiction," whereas it is, in truth, a simple and accurate 'history—one of those stories of real life and character which are at once more interesting and more instructive than any novel. We need not recall the outlines of the career of the pure and beautiful soul whose biography is contained in these volumes. It forms a fitting supplement to the *Récit d'une Sœur*, and the story is told with all the grace and pathos to which Mrs. Craven's readers are accustomed. For the same reason which forbids us to travel again over the ground which we have once traversed, we can give no quotation from the more direct narrative in the volumes before us. But in these days of frequent domestic persecution on account of conversion to the faith, we think our readers will appreciate the short narrative, given by Mrs. Craven, of the conversion and death of a lady well known to her—Miss Sophy Greville—

It is now thirty years since she died. This long lapse of time has softened, it may be hoped, the displeasure her relatives felt when, after her death in 1846, they discovered by her papers that a few months previously she had been received into the Catholic Church at Baden. The resentment which could not be directed against her whom death had removed from this world, was strongly directed against the two friends who had been present at her abjuration, and whom her parents supposed to have been accessories to her change of religion. Now, after so long a lapse of time, I may be allowed, without fear of wounding or grieving the family, to say a few words about her conversion.

When, in 1844, I made acquaintance with Miss Sophy Greville, she had already been for many years longing to be a Catholic. To her intimate friends, and especially to the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, with whom she had spent from childhood the greatest part of her life, this desire was well known. But she knew that the Grand Duchess, to whom she had been intrusted by her parents, was on that account in a delicate position with regard to her, and found it difficult to second her wishes without appearing to betray their confidence. She had therefore resolved, whenever an opportunity presented itself, and she could summon up sufficient courage,



to act so as not to commit her royal friend's responsibility. It was long before the day and the hour she was watching for arrived.

In 1848, towards the end of the summer, the Princess Marie of Baden, and now Dowager-Duchess of Hamilton, and at that time a Protestant, was about to return to Scotland after a stay of some months at Baden. Sophy Greville was to accompany her, to spend the rest of the autumn at her home in the country, and then pay a visit to her own parents. It was not the first time that she was leaving the Grand Duchess, to whom she was tenderly attached, and her absence was not to be longer than a month. Still she felt this time an insurmountable desire to accomplish before her departure the act she had so long wished to accomplish, and to become a Catholic in reality, as she had long been one in heart. I was staying at that time in Baden, and Alexandrine was with me. She asked me to advise her, and we felt somewhat in doubt what to say.

She was twenty-six years of age, so that on such a subject she was certainly free to act on her own convictions. She had long been separated from her family, and, as it were, adopted by a French Catholic Princess, who, though she did not feel at liberty to promote her change of religion, would not, of course, object to it. At the same time, we did not think it a well-chosen moment for so important a proceeding. It so happened that Baden was that year even more full of bustle and excitement than usual. Sophy Greville filled, in some sense, the position of the Grand Duchess's lady-in-waiting, and the Princess was always anxious to have her with her when she received company, for her beauty—the most perfect ever seen—made her the ornament of all the *fêtes*, and a general object of admiration.

She cared very little for that wonderful beauty of hers. There was something grave, serious, and also most sad in her countenance. A vague presentiment of her early death may have inspired this depression, and also led her to persist in the resolution of hastening the act she had in view, and in spite of every obstacle to accomplish it on the last day but one she spent in Baden.

There was to be that day a long drive, and a grand party in the evening. Sophy was obliged to join in all this dissipation; but she contrived to secure two hours towards the close of the day, when she made her escape, and came alone to the little church of the Convent of the Sepulchre, where we had promised to meet her.

There we saw her kneel before the altar, where she was conditionally baptized, and then received into the Church. Never can the remembrance of that night fade away from my mind; those beautiful eyes bent down, that lovely complexion, the outline of that matchless face, that perfect figure, and the beauty of the soul in such rare and wonderful harmony with that of the body. How little we thought as we gazed at her with admiration and emotion during that hour stolen from the gay world, that it was so soon to be followed by the day which was to open to her the gates of eternity!

Forty-eight hours after she left Baden, and, as she passed through Paris, went to confession, and made her first Communion. It was her vaticum; for, as soon as she arrived at Brodick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, she fell ill with typhoid fever, and died in a few days, deprived of all outward religious assistance—for in Arran there was neither Catholic chapel nor priest—but sustained by the graces that God Himself gives to those to whom human ministrations are denied.

She rests on that wild sea-shore; and when, many years afterwards, I visited her tomb, the memory of that gentle and courageous soul remains in my mind like a dear and beautiful vision of the past, and it is with a sweet and blessed confidence that my thoughts follow her beyond the grave!

The relatives of this lady were extremely angry when it was discovered that she had become a Catholic, and vented their resentment upon Mrs. Craven and her sister-in-law. It seemed as if her death alone saved her from that hateful system of unnatural bullying of which so many converts have but too sad an experience.

2. *Collectanea Lanciciana*, Edita a Joanne Martinov, presbytero Societatis Jesu. Parisiis, 1877 (C. Taranne).

The writings of the late Father Faber have made the name of Lancisius popularly known among us. His writings have always been held in the highest esteem in the religious body to which he belonged, and, indeed, by all readers moderately acquainted with the treasures of ascetical literature. His life, however, is far less known than his writings; yet it was a life which completely illustrated them, and which contains in itself abundant instruction as well as plentiful interest. We are very glad to welcome the little publication before us. F. Martinov has lately republished and edited the Latin history of the Lithuanian Province of the Society of Jesus, written by Father Stanislaus Rostowski, and he has now extracted from this narrative all that relates to Father Lancisius. He has already done the same in regard to St. Stanislaus Kostka. The little volume before us is thus, practically, the work of the historian of the Society already named. It is written in good Latin, and contains a great many details pressed together in a small compass.

Father Lancisius was the son of a Pole of noble birth, who had been persuaded to settle in Lithuania, and to embrace the heresy of Calvin. Nicolas was born in an inn, his mother being on a journey when her travail came on; he was baptized by a Catholic priest, and put under the care of a Catholic nurse. He remembered, in after years, that when he was of the age of five, his nurse had taken him into a Catholic church, and that there he had adored with all his heart the Sacred Host at the moment of the Elevation. But he was sent to the Calvinist school at Vilna, and, while yet a boy, became fond of controversy, being then very eager in defence of the heresy in which he was being reared. As he grew older, his Calvinistic zeal gave place to disgust at the forms of worship of the sect; he could never be induced to go to their communion, and he began to frequent the Jesuit College, and to put himself under the guidance of one of the Fathers there. At the age of sixteen he abjured heresy and was received into the Church. He now made two vows, one to preserve chastity all his life—he had never yet sinned in that respect—and another to enter the Society of Jesus. But the Superiors refused him admission until such time as his father returned to Catholicism, and gave him free leave to enter religion. There seemed little chance of his being able to satisfy these difficult conditions; but he fell very ill, and his father, afraid to lose him altogether, was moved by his remonstrances, and returned to the Church. At the news of his conversion and reception, Nicolas became suddenly well. Soon after, he obtained the desired permission, and joined the novitiate at Cracow. Hence he was sent to Rome in 1592, and after he had passed his novitiate, he studied philosophy and theology in the Roman College, the fact that he was a foreigner probably preventing his employment in teaching. He was

ordained priest at Rome in 1601, ten years after his admission as a novice, and in the twenty-seventh year of his age. At the close of his studies, he was set apart for six years to help the famous Father Orlandini in collecting materials for the history of the Society, and was for one year Spiritual Father in the Roman College. In 1606 he returned to Lithuania, taking with him a great number of bodies of saints and other relics. The rest of his life was spent in the various offices of the Society. He was Spiritual Father, Professor of Hebrew, of Scripture, and of Theology, Rector, Provincial, and Instructor of the Fathers of the Third Year of Probation. He was twice sent to Rome as representative of his Province to the Congregation for the election of a new General—in 1616, when Father Mutius Vitelleschi was elected, and in 1645, when Father Vincent Carafa became his successor. Many very wonderful things are related of him, such as miracles and visions; but his striking and eminent sanctity was the most conspicuous feature in his character. His works are written in a familiar, easy, and unadorned style, without any great attempt at condensation, and they abound in long quotations from the best ascetical writers. They rise above other ascetical writings, especially of modern days, in the accuracy of their theology, as well as in their practical piety. The little work before us is very valuable as summarizing the events of his life in a compendious form, but it is not ample enough to satisfy us as the standard biography of so eminent a man.

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3. *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.* By Henry Foley, S.J. Vol. I., First Series. London: Burns and Oates.

At a time in which Government has come forward and made public to the historian, and to all who can avail themselves of the boon, their rich treasure of historical documents and State papers, it is of very great importance that the Church in England, rich also in her historical facts and ecclesiastical documents, should place these before the public mind and supply its quota to the general store of information rapidly accumulating on all sides. The spirit of research has been awakened amongst Catholic bodies; they have in their possession mines of hidden wealth only partially explored as yet, and we rejoice in the prospect and in the definite promise that some portion of this will be published to all, and past facts be thus enabled to speak for themselves. Our article headed "A Discovery in 1628," has been founded on one short chapter in Brother Foley's lately published *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*, and its subject-matter may be taken as a fair instance of the value and interest attaching to his compilation. Two volumes of these *Records* have been already published, and we are told that a third is in the press. As others are about to follow, it is evident that this work is the result of years of preparation, and that a vast amount of matter is well in hand.

Looking at the book as what it strictly professes to be, a carefully detailed collection of records drawn from a great variety of undeniably authentic sources, and enriched with many antiquarian contributions from well-informed private friends belonging to families and places mentioned in its pages, we cannot but allow that Brother Foley's volume answers fully to its promise. We think it would be unfair to take the whole work which he projects as either a systematized history or as designed for pleasant continuous reading; the several volumes are, in fact, more or less like volumes of State Papers. In some parts these pages may appear open to the accusation of needless repetitions, which, even when occurring in separate documents, naturally cause the reader a passing irritation. We are not so sure, however, that in a succession of narratives and letters coming from different sources this is avoidable, or even, as in the case of State Papers, always desirable; besides which the value of documents is often lessened by injuring their integrity. In the general or personal histories of the times and of the victims of Protestant persecution, the great strength and value of these records lie precisely in the point of the repetition of a fact or statement in either Catholic or Protestant record, and still better if in both; and the accumulation of such statements, however troublesome to the reader, constitutes at the same time the accumulation of evidence. We must remember, also, that all Catholic records, like those of Bishop Challoner, Father Morris, Father Law, and the work now before us, are opening out to Protestants unexpected and unwished-for revelations, and are forcing on them entirely new views as to the way in which their forefathers did really treat the old religion and spread their own; and we would not at any time be surprised to find the sympathy so generously, yet so justly, extended of late by liberal-minded Protestants to the former sufferings of Catholics, changed into a feeling of irritation and offence at the humiliating and damaging facts which each fresh Catholic document helps to lay bare.

As a book of reference, biography, family records, and antiquarian study, the present volume is quite equal to, if not in advance, of that which preceded it in time of publication, for we remark in the notes a greater fulness and variety of detail. In this respect, however disconnected the different parts are, they combine in presenting a complete picture to the mind of the whole motive, scheme, and ceaseless action of the persecutors of the period described—the prudence, heroic sacrifice, and patient fortitude of the hunted priests, whether secular or religious—the courage and fidelity of our Catholic gentry and nobility—the unbroken flow of conversions from religious neglect and indifference or from actual heresy, in the very face of sufferings and reproach—and, what is as worthy of being remarked as any point, the intimacy of the union cemented between the religion and the family, in the numbers who from the oldest and best known families in England have entered the priesthood, either as seculars or religious, or have become nuns in the different houses abroad. This fact must create a widespread interest

in the perusal of Brother Foley's *Records*. We wish, in conclusion, to draw special attention to the life of Father Southwell, in which occur his beautiful aspirations after the religious state, and his admirable letter urging his father to return to the profession and practice of his religion, as also to the accounts of Father Thomas Holland and Father Henry Morse.

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4. *The Christian Reformed in Mind and Manners*, by Father Benedict Rogacci, of the Society of Jesus. A translation edited by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge; (Quarterly Series, vol. xxiii.): Burns and Oates, 1877.

Although Father Rogacci's name is well known to the ascetical student, as that of one of the standard authorities among the many writers of the Society whose works have survived their own time, this is, we believe the first translation of a complete work from his pen. His spirituality is of the same great school to which Father Palma, the author of the *History of the Sacred Passion*, belonged. Indeed, this work might well take its place by the side of that famous book. It is one of the very best retreats that exists. Those who are familiar with the Exercises of St. Ignatius, especially in the edition of the late Father General Roothaan, will be struck, perhaps, with the omission of much which is there to be found, especially in the way of directions of mental prayer, the examination of conscience, general and particular, rules for the discernment of spirits and the like. In the days in which Father Rogacci lived, it was not usual to print these instructions in the books of retreat which were published for general use, and they were supplied by the Director under whose guidance the Exercises were made. On the other hand, he draws out the meditations at length, and it is in the length and solidity and cogency of these meditations that the great value of the book lies. They contain the whole doctrine of St. Ignatius, and may be used again and again without being exhausted. There are altogether thirty-four meditations spread over eight days, including the evening before their commencement and the morning after their close. Father Rogacci has also added a number of practical *rifirmi*, which will be found very useful for reading either at the time of the Exercises or after. There has long been a need in England for some such work as this in our own language and we believe that no better book of Meditations for the Exercises could have been selected for translation.

## II.—POSTSCRIPT ON CURRENT AFFAIRS.

1. *Progress of the War.*

WHERE interest and duty run together, there is always room to suspect motives. At the beginning of the Russian invasion of Bulgaria, it was so well known that Constantinople was the object of a very earthly ambition, that few men in England gave the Czar's advisers any credit for purity of intention. Yet there may have been some admixture of a sincere desire to help the oppressed, as far at least as persecutors of Jesus Christ in His Church may be considered open to impressions of grace. It is one thing to play the liberator, it is quite another to begin to liberate and then leave off. If there be honour or honesty in the counsels of Russia, the Emperor should fight to his last regiment rather than abandon to the triumphant Turk the "orthodox" (*i.e. schismatic*) Christians, whom he pledged himself to set free. What will happen if Russia withdraws even for a time, imagination refuses to pourtray. Yet the words of the Holy Father have already been beyond all human expectation verified. Even if from this moment all went well with the invader, it would be true that the hand of God had fallen very heavily upon him for persecuting his Catholic subjects. Newspapers do not rise to such considerations, but providential interference is manifest enough to all who believe in Providence. Two months ago military instructors were telling us with confidence, in after-dinner speeches in London, that now the Danube was passed, a few days would see the Russians in Adrianople! General Gourko is said to have said very lately to the Emperor before Plevna that with one more brigade he could have forced his way. It would, at the time, have surprised no one, although now that we have learned what Turks turned desperate can do it may seem very doubtful whether General Gourko would have returned to tell the tale of his reception. Man proposes and God disposes. More signally, because on a larger scale, than in Armenia the armies of Russia have been checked. British India is safe for many a long day. Constantinople is out of sight for the present. Just as a well-known, and, if short-sighted, yet certainly sincere, English publicist, whose one aim in life has been to endeavour to communicate to his friends his own inordinate dread of Russia, goes to his grave, Russia ceases to be formidable to the world at large, and it is made patent to the most unlearned that her aggressive strength had been enormously exaggerated. Turkey, the poor "sick man," from his supposed sick bed starts into such fierce life, that alone and unaided he is able to beat back those mighty armies which seemed to a diseased imagination not only to threaten, but to have power to effect, the enslaving of Europe and mankind.



The work of death has gone on apace. Wholesale useless slaughter of brave men in battle forms a fit accompaniment to the never ending story of "atrocities" which do not become less horrible by repetition. *A peste, fame, et bello, Libera nos Domine!*

The first vague rumours of fighting in the Shipka Pass were below the truth. Suleiman Pasha has already passed through many phases of reputation. At first he was supposed to be a dashing and ubiquitous general, almost the sole hope of the Turkish arms; then he was accused of stupid obstinacy and unwillingness to move, not without rather more than a hint that personal ambition was stronger than the sense of public duty. It would be a curious fact that the Russian tactics at Plevna, and the Turkish at the Balkans should be open to the same accusation of perfectly useless expenditure of life, if it were not also true that the tactics were in both cases of the simplest, consisting of the process which, since the time of General Grant, has been known as "hammering away." This process, when there is plenty of "food for powder," may achieve a costly victory; but when generals have no men to spare, it is insanity. Suleiman Pasha for a month past has been "hammering away" at the heroic defenders of the Shipka Pass, and after losing twenty thousand men, he is pretty much in the same position as when he began. So far Radetsky won't surrender and Suleiman won't retire. Meantime the absence of Suleiman's larger army is much more felt by Mehemet Ali than the absence of Radetsky's smaller force is felt by Prince Charles or the Czarewitch. The tale of the first days of the fighting in the Shipka Pass is beautifully told by the correspondent of the *Daily News* whose spirit-stirring narratives of the scenes of which he has been an eye-witness seem to be as trustworthy as they are interesting. It was a narrow chance for the garrison. If Stoletoff, with his poor three thousand had not been promptly reinforced, he could have done no more than die at his post.

The operations described were possible, because the Shipka Pass is not in the nature of a narrow gorge, which a few men can hold against an army, but it is an open ridge, flanked by wooded hollows, and commanded by higher ridges beyond. It is, in fact, an elevated roadway, by which, with a certain amount of scrambling a march across the Balkans can be effected. The road is strongly fortified, Mount St. Nicholas, near the southern end being the highest peak of the ridge. On the 19th of August Suleiman marched into Kezanlik and passed forward at once to the village of Shipka, which he occupied. The attack was opened on the 21st by a direct movement against the entrenchments below Fort St. Nicholas, but though the day was spent in hard fighting, no great impression was made. The 22nd was devoted by Suleiman to the endeavour to turn both flanks and surround the little garrison, divided at first by forty miles from all known help, for the nearest forces, as far as Stoletoff had information, were at

Tirnova. A very welcome little reinforcement of one brigade was brought up unexpectedly from Selvi by General Derotchinsky, since killed. But General Radetsky at Tirnova lost no time, and in the evening of the 23rd Stoletoff and Derotchinsky, after fighting all day to keep "the claws of the crab" from closing round them, had sent what seemed likely to be their last telegram to the Czar explaining their desperate case and declaring their determination to fight to the death. The two Generals from the St. Nicholas' peak were sweeping with their glasses the line of the northern road, which only showed itself in little glimpses. Suddenly they caught sight of Radetsky's column winding along in the distance. It was, of course, a thrilling moment. The new troops turned out to be a rifle brigade which had been in the Balkans already under Gourko, and in spite of their forced march they rushed into action without a moment's delay. Radetsky, as superior officer, took the command, not without thanking and praising Stoletoff for what had been done. The Turks next day (24th of August) at daybreak resumed their efforts to turn the Russian left and gain the ridge in rear, and a most obstinate conflict was waged in the wooded valley westward from the Pass. During the morning General Dragimiroff, who will be remembered for his gallant crossing of the Danube at Sistova, arrived on the scene with two regiments to help Radetsky, raising the army of the defence, it would seem, to about thirteen thousand men. Before twelve o'clock his useful services were interrupted, and he was carried into such shelter as it was possible to find, disabled by a bullet wound in the knee, but bearing his misfortune like a true soldier, and generously refusing to be attended to by the surgeons before his proper turn came. The fight was raging in the wood below, and the issue seemed doubtful. Radetsky risked his life to put fresh courage into his troops, and led them personally in a grand decisive charge which cleared the woods on the Russian right, and he followed up the success by driving the Turks from the earthworks below St. Nicholas, which they had secured on the first day. On the 25th, 26th, and 27th the Russians and Turks attacked by turns and the Turks gained ground, but St. Nicholas was safe.

Whilst Stoletoff (on the 21st and 22nd of August) was being hard pushed in the mountains, Mehemet Ali suffered himself to be provoked into gaining some slight successes on the Kara Lom at Kadikoi and Ajaslar, which had the further effect of letting the world generally know precisely where he was, a point till then most disputable. At this time the advanced guard of the army of the Czarewitch under General Leonoff had been for about three weeks at Karahasankoi some thirty miles or more due south of Rustchuk, where there had been an occasional brush with the Turkish irregulars. On the 28th of August this small force was raised by fresh arrivals to three thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry. Mehemet Ali got together twenty thousand

men, in part Prince Hassan's Egyptians, and taking the field with twelve thousand advanced from Rasgrad by Yenikoi, and after much resistance he forced Leonoff to retreat as far as Popkoi, and it was supposed that the army of the Quadrilateral was at last on the move. All the time fresh troops were crossing the Danube to fill up the fearful gaps caused by sickness as well as slaughter. The line of the Upper Lom having been recovered, Mehemet Ali advanced against Kacelyevo on the 5th of September, and forced the Russians from the place. Disputing the ground all the way, the army of the Czarewitch has fallen back upon the Jantra and taken up a very strong position near Biela, the head-quarters being at Gorny Studeni, and it is possible that Mehemet Ali's very slow advance may be from unwillingness to risk a great battle at the present conjuncture, for a "waiting" policy, so successful hitherto, will soon enlist in the service of Turkey the forces of nature, rains and floods and mud, with solicitude about bridges and the transport service, and other little matters of the kind, which will very much tend to neutralize any numerical advantage, and even perhaps before long will make the Grand Duke Nicholas wish that some of his bread-consumers had never left the northern side of the Danube.

Osman Pasha, to keep his men in training or to feel his enemy's pulse, marching from Plevna on the 31st of August attacked the camp at Pelisat, but he either did not take the position or could not hold it. Not there was his work to be. While the Russians for five weeks had been repairing their shattered forces and maturing a fresh movement upon Plevna, which was to blot out the memory of the blood-stained 31st of July, Osman Pasha had not been idle. With consummate skill and resolution he had converted an open village into a stronghold against which a large army might dash itself in vain.

All the remote preparations for the assault of Plevna having been fully made so as to preclude, it was supposed, all chance of ill success, it was deemed advisable to secure Lovatz first. Not only would the capture of the place enable the left wing of the attacking army to act with confidence, but the desire to recapture it might entice Osman to divide his forces and weaken his defence. The calculation was wisely made. Osman did at first despatch twenty-eight battalions to the rescue, but they were at once recalled, for the Russians, without waiting long enough to see them well on their way to Lovatz, made immediate demonstration of moving to the assault.

Prince Meretinsky and General Skobeloff the younger led the attack upon Lovatz, which is about twenty miles from Plevna, due south, lying on the Osma, at the meeting of the Sophia, Tirnova, and Nicopolis roads. It is surrounded by low hills, which were in the hands of the Turks. Skobeloff on the 2nd of September captured the two most important peaks which were the key to the position. All the force of

the Russian Commander, twenty-two thousand strong, took part in the battle of the 3rd of September. The Turks were much outnumbered, and were not even able to choose their own line of retreat, so as to make a conjunction with Osman, but were forced far away to the south west.

The Russo-Roumanian army was put in position round Plevna on the 6th. The two Roumanian divisions were stationed on the right where Krudener's troops had been posted on the 31st of July. Next to them, further south came the 5th and 31st divisions of the 9th corps, still under the command of Krudener. Of these the 5th division occupied the post of danger in front of the great Gravitza (*alias* Grivica) redoubt. Following these immediately north and south of Radishovo were the 30th and 16th divisions of the 4th corps under Kriloff. The left was supported by one brigade of the 2nd and one of the 3rd division, which with the sharp-shooters Meretinski had just before brought up from Lovatz. General Zotoff, formerly commander of the 4th corps, is now the chief of the Roumanian staff. The numbers according to the *Daily News* were, all told, 80,000 bayonets and 10,000 sabres; but the *Times* correspondent (September 21st) considers this a grave exaggeration. The troops which have lately crossed into Bulgaria have been in large part directed to the Jantra, but still it is hard to believe that the second attack upon Plevna would have been with only 50,000 men.

On the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of September, heavy firing filled up the day and vigorous efforts to repair the damage done kept the Turks busy through the night. On the 10th the Gravitza redoubt gave signs of weariness and the assault was fixed for Tuesday the 11th. Kriloff, supported by Skobeloff, was appointed to lead off. Skobeloff, at 11 a.m. took up an advanced position and was assailed furiously three times in quick succession, but he drove the Turks back each time with a withering volley, having ordered his men to reserve their fire till the enemy were within a hundred yards. Two attacks made on Kriloff's position on the Radishovo ridge were repulsed with more difficulty, so that it was 2 p.m. before the ridge was cleared.

At 3 p.m., the hour appointed, Kriloff advanced against the south-eastern redoubt, and the carnage began in earnest. After two hours of continuous firing the rush was made about 5 p.m. At the word of command the brave men dashed forward into the rain of bullets, but they fell to the earth too fast for Kriloff's cold calculations, and a second and a third support arrived just too late to help those in front of them, but not too late to share their doom. It was cruel work, and if the Czar from his "grand-stand," as the *Times* calls it, could see through fog how that rolling fire told upon his gallant soldiers, he must have been little pleased with the indiscreet loyalty which had prepared for him such a spectacle to grace his feast-day.

Skobeloff on the extreme left succeeded at immense cost in carrying the redoubt. He did precisely what Kriloff failed to do. Keeping close enough to the front to know all that was going on, he sent up regiment after regiment just at the right moment and when only two battalions of sharpshooters were left, careless in such extremity whether he lost his life or kept it, he put himself at their head, and carried all along with him by the contagion of his courage. His horse was killed under him, his sword cut in two, but the redoubt was won. Skobeloff had accomplished an impossibility, and yet it was all useless bloodshed. The redoubt which he had taken was commanded by the Krishina redoubt, and exposed to cross fire. Skobeloff lost two thousand men in taking it, and in twenty-four hours he had lost three thousand more in trying to keep it. Kriloff could not, in any case did not, answer his urgent appeal for reinforcements, till at last, when it was quite too late, he sent the remnant of a regiment. At four o'clock on the 12th, Skobeloff went to his tent on the hillside opposite, and in his absence the Turks attacked and recaptured the redoubt. The young General hurried back only to see that all was lost.

On the right, the Roumanians at 2.30 p.m. on the 11th made an unsuccessful attack on the Gravitza redoubt. At 5.30 a second attack of Roumanians and Russians combined carried the redoubt with immense loss of life, but they were again driven out. At 7 p.m. the redoubt was finally taken, and the Turks retired to their second entrenchments. On the 12th four thousand Roumanian infantry were added to strengthen that portion of the line. On the 14th Osman made another attempt to recover the Gravitza redoubt, but his troops were repulsed. Up to that date it was estimated that the Russians had lost three thousand killed and nearly ten thousand wounded, the Roumanians one thousand wounded and nearly three hundred killed.

The proportion of Russian officers killed both in the Shipka Pass and at Plevna is very remarkable, and seems to say that the rank and file trained upon old-world principles of war require at every moment the conspicuous example of their superiors to make them persevere in the face of breech-loading rifles, and no wonder. The only wonder is that a regiment can charge up a rifle-swept acclivity and not be quite annihilated. The Roumanians have won their spurs. One correspondent makes the sapient remark that this only proves that valour in the field is the common attribute of the human race. It surely does not prove that. Prince Charles of Roumania is the nominal chief of the right wing of the entire invading army, but since his appointment the importance of the operations at Plevna has drawn thither from Gorny Studeni the Grand Duke and the Emperor, and so it happens that Prince Charles was practically relieved of the supreme responsibility.

Since the 14th, the armies at Plevna, with the exception of a little fighting in the night of the 17th and the following afternoon, have been

waiting for reinforcements, each keeping wakeful eyes upon the other, and considering it a prime duty not to go to sleep itself.

In the Shipka Pass Suleiman opened fire again on the 15th, and on the 16th he renewed the attack upon Fort St. Nicholas. If he succeeded for the day, which is doubtful, he was driven out again on the 17th, and he is not yet in possession. The battle raged on all sides on that day, and 1000 more Turks it is said were sacrificed by Suleiman, so that his loss to this time stands at nearly 20,000 men, and he has nothing to show for the fearful expense incurred. The *Times* correspondent balances the Turkish loss in the Shipka Pass against the Russian loss at Plevna. It is sad to think that so many men should "pair off" in death with no permanent result.

Osman being held back, and Suleiman refusing to go forward, it becomes very likely that the main issue of the campaign will after all be decided on the Jantra, but our wisest guides are very wary of venturing into predictions about the immediate movements of a war which has been so far "a series of surprises." No time is to be lost. Bridges across the lower Danube will not stand in winter, and unless Servia, whom England "begged off" last year when she lay at the mercy of the Porte, ungenerously renews the rebellion and casts in her lot with Roumania, it is not too early to begin to prepare for the evil day.

General Zimmerman in the Dobrudscha, and the Archduke Michael with Komaroff, Melikoff, and Tergukasoff in Armenia may have heavy duties and grave anxieties, but their names have dropped out of contemporary history. Their turn of notoriety or glory may come round again, if they wait patiently.



2.—*Pastoral of the Order of Corporate Reunion.*

It is not uncommon to find that true and powerful instincts, which are shared by considerable numbers of earnest but perplexed minds, vent themselves in declarations and manifestations which appear unreasonable and even grotesque. A very poor song will sometimes kindle the enthusiasm of multitudes—or rather, will express it, however inadequately, and so seem to kindle it. Strangers will see nothing in it to account for its effects, but the statesman will be very unwise if he judges of the force or depth of a movement by the literary excellence of its manifestos, or sets aside, as too trivial for notice, whatever does not present itself to the world with dignity or even with logic. We hardly know whether the authors of the strange document which has been published in some of the papers and ridiculed by others, under the title of the pastoral or letter of "The Rector, Provincials, and Provosts of the Order of Corporate Reunion," will thank us for implying that, in our humble judgment, the chief importance of that document lies in the fact that there may be a certain number of well-meaning and well-disposed persons whose aspirations after unity it is intended, in a certain sense, to meet. To Catholics, its pages will often seem little less than absurd—we have even heard it suggested that the whole document is a clumsy joke. This, however, we have reason to believe, is not the case. The pastoral is a serious pronouncement, and, odd as must seem the state of mind of those who can really think that it breathes the spirit of the Church which our Lord has purchased with His own Blood, or that it can have the effect of drawing Christian souls to give their allegiance to the anonymous "Rector, Provincials, and Provosts," from whom it proceeds, we may yet feel sure that its appearance has been looked forward to with high expectations by many sincerely religious persons, and that its authors have the serious hope that they may be able to enrol many such souls under their self-assumed authority. Now, we had lately occasion to remark on the large growth of Catholic instincts among the members of the High Church party in England, and on the conspicuous failure of the authorities and clergy of the Establishment to satisfy the legitimate cravings which such instincts embody or generate. We have observed this in the two remarkable instances of the desire for the benefit of the Sacrament of Penance and for the religious life. In each case the instinct was natural to the Christian heart, and a large number of souls were affected by it. In each case, also, the congenital and incurable barrenness of a schismatical communion, infected by heresy as well as by schism, blighted the fair prospect and made the harvest scanty indeed. But much good seed still remains in the soil of England, and only needs Catholic culture to make it fruitful. In the same way we may be excused if we consider the curious paper before

us as, at least, proving that, in the knowledge of its authors, there are many persons to whom the present state and circumstances of the Establishment are grievous trials, and who desire with all their hearts to find some way of emancipation from the thralldom under which they find themselves, that way being one which may guide them to the only secure home for Christian souls, the home of Catholic unity.

The document of which we are speaking is, as we have said, issued in the name of certain authorities of whom the world has not hitherto heard very much, and who are either too great or too prudent to give their patronymics. The Order of "Corporate Reunion" appears to consist of a Rector "Thomas," who is also Pro-Provincial of Canterbury, of two other Provincials, "John" of York and "Laurence" of Caerleon, of certain other subordinate offices who are called Provosts, of a Synod, and, we suppose, of the general body of the faithful "whom these presents may concern." If it be asked on what authority these gentlemen have appointed one another to the several posts of importance named above, we find no reply. They speak throughout as members of the "Church of England," and they appear to consider it as a point of importance that they are to retain any status, preferment, or emolument, which may at present accrue to them by virtue of such membership. But it is quite certain that the authorities of the Establishment know nothing of them. They address their invitation to "all Catholic Christians within the Established Church." They speak, at the very beginning of the document, of the "National Church" as the great object of their solicitude and complaints, and a great part of the pastoral is devoted to an historical summary of the declension and degradation of this National Church. The Church, we are told, went on very well for a period of eight hundred years "from the divine mission of our Apostle St. Augustine." At the time of the Tudor Sovereigns some abuses had crept in, "for the removal of which the sacred Council of Trent was assembled." But Henry the Eighth repudiated the authority of the Western Patriarch, and obtained the submission of the clergy to the Royal Supremacy—"a submission which it is true was qualified by a condition or protest; but this condition, of indefinite signification and equally indefinite scope and validity, has proved to be futile." From this outset, the decline of the National Church is traced with no sparing hand, the misfortunes of the Stuart period, then the still further enslaving of the Church at the time of the Revolution of 1688, and finally "the dogmatic apathy and moral decline of the last century." The present century, however, has witnessed signs of renewed life. "Thousands have been led back to the Catholic faith." But a fresh storm of opposition has arisen, coming in great measure from the members of the Church themselves. The grievances of the present condition of the Establishment are enumerated in order to be protested against. The election of bishops, their oath of homage to the Crown, the mode of the administration of baptism, the

disuse of chrism in confirmation, and of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction—"which," say the writers of this pastoral, "we, by the favour of God, are now enabled to restore,"—the abrogation of spiritual discipline, the toleration of the clergy who may perform the marriage service for divorced persons, the Public Worship Regulation Act, and the scheme and system of Board Schools, are the points which are specially mentioned.

The Catholic reader, and, we suppose, the Catholic-minded reader among Anglicans themselves, will probably be struck by the omission of what might have been expected in this remarkable document quite as much as by its contents. They will observe that nothing is said about the loss of communion with the Catholic Church abroad, nothing about the denial of the sacramental system of the Church, and this in a document which promises the restoration of one at least of the sacraments which the Establishment has formally denied to be such, besides discontinuing their use. Nothing is here to be found about the sin of heresy, the rejection in so many words of the Catholic doctrine of the real presence in the Holy Eucharist, and of the adorable Sacrifice of the Altar. Yet these, in the eyes of Catholics, are far more serious grievances than the nomination of bishops by the crown and the system of Board Schools. However, we must take the document as it stands, and proceed to see what remedies the "rector" and "provincials" of the new order propose to apply to the state of things which they consider so lamentable. These remedies are but obscurely shadowed forth in the pastoral of the new rulers. They begin by a sentence which we suppose to mean that they do not intend to secede, in the common sense of the term, and to set up a free Church of England outside the Establishment. "We desire to avoid all violence, schism, and disobedience to constituted authority in things secular, regarding it as our duty rather to support and restore, as God Almighty may permit, the ancient constitution of our country in Church and State, than to co-operate in any rash and dangerous work of demolition and destruction, the consequences and end of which none can foresee." This is apparently a side thrust at Mr. Mackonochie and the dis-establishment movement. The next passage is in a Catholic view the most heretical in the whole document. The writers appeal to the "next free general council of the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, lawfully and canonically assembled," as to all controversies which have divided or may still divide the one family of Christ, and which have not been defined by any of the seven general councils received alike by the entire Church of east and west before the schism of the tenth century, nor by any other council at once representing and accepted by the whole family of God." It is well known as a characteristic of heretics and heresiarchs to appeal to a future council in defiance of the judgment of the living Church of their own day.

There probably never was a set of heretics who did otherwise. And the appeal, in the case before us, implies that the "rector" and rulers of the new order deny that there is at present existing any tribunal as to matters of faith which can give an immediate decision, as well as that any council which has been held since the tenth century is to be accepted as authoritative.

We next come to a more positive and tangible remedy for the evils complained of, which, however, has the misfortune to be enveloped in a cloud of words, not all of which are quite intelligible to the uninitiated. The "Order of Corporate Reunion" is not to secede, but not the less is it to defy the authority of the Anglican episcopate, if the members of that hard-worked and much-abused body should endeavour to meddle with the proceedings of the new organization. "The bishops of the Church of England having yielded up all canonical authority and jurisdiction in the spiritual order"—indeed? what do the bishops themselves say to that?—"can neither interfere with nor restrain us in our work of recovering from elsewhere that which has been forfeited or lost, securing three distinct and independent lines of a new episcopal succession, so as to labour corporately and on no sandy foundation, for the healing of the breach which has been made." This language is certainly and perhaps purposely ambiguous. We are not told in what the breach has been made, whether in the connection of the Anglican Establishment with the Catholic Church, or in its own internal unity. In each case there is certainly a gulf sufficiently wide to engage the energies of the "three distinct and independent lines" of the new episcopal succession, and yet, after all, the plan seems to be very much an attempt to heal existing divisions by creating a new body separate from all others, and so adding a fresh element of division. However, the rector and provincials seem to be chiefly anxious to make it clear that the Anglican bishops had better not attempt to exercise any authority over them—though we presume that some at least of the new rulers must be Anglican clergymen who have received whatever orders they can lay claim to from Anglican bishops, and who have promised them obedience at what was not only the most solemn moment of their lives, but the moment at which, if they had contemplated such a revolt as their words now imply, their consciences would hardly have permitted them to escape without the most terrible self-reproach.

After this protest of independence of the lawful rulers of the Establishment, from which they do not mean to separate themselves formally, the rector and his associates go on in very solemn language indeed to declare that they have solemnly and formally associated themselves together in the "Order of Corporate Reunion, promising true and hearty allegiance to our chosen superiors in the same order, and to one another, in accordance with the constitutions of the same, now

or hereafter to be determined by lawful authority." Here again we are left in ignorance both as to the manner in which these chosen superiors have been elected, and as to the not less important questions, what are the constitutions of the Order, and what is the lawful authority to which its members are to submit. The basis of the Order is then declared to be "the Catholic faith as defined by the (first) seven general councils, acknowledged as such by the whole Church of the east and west before the great and deplorable schism, and as commonly received in the Apostles Creed, the Creed of Niceæ, and the Creed of St. Athanasius," and it is added that until the whole Church shall speak on the subject they accept the dogmatic statements set forth in common by the Council of Trent and the Synod of Bethlehem respectively with regard to the doctrine of the Sacraments.

The next declarations refer to the persons who may be admitted to the order. All must be validly baptised. "We receive no presbyter who has entered into matrimony more than once." This, we suppose, means that no such person is to be accepted as a priest, not that he may not belong to the order at all. Divorced persons, who have "entered into a second connection," persons who have married divorced persons, or parties in the marriage of a deceased wife's sister, Freemasons, or members of any secret society, are also excluded. Other people may be enrolled by the registrars of the order, and may cooperate by prayer, almsgiving, "and by carrying out as far as possible the commands and directions of Us and the duly appointed district provosts under Us. The means of communication between Our members will be at Our central office at Westminster, where the literary serial of Our Order will from time to time be published." It is satisfactory to those who take any interest in the new order, to learn that it is to have a serial, for otherwise, we fear, there will be considerable difficulty in ascertaining what it all means.

We may add one extract from the pamphlet before us, which is probably meant to convey as far as it is at present safe so to do, the line which the Order will take up in regard of the law of the English Church—to which, as has been already said, the gentlemen who are leagued together in this organisation still intend to belong. We may not understand them rightly, but as far as we can divine their meaning, they intend to repudiate all obedience to the Anglican Bishops, and we suppose to the formularies of Anglicanism, except so far as such obedience can be enforced by the law courts.

By the operation of the Public Worship Regulation Act, first promoted by the two primates, and in which all the Bishops of the Established Church have practically concurred, the entire authority and jurisdiction of the Church is centred in the new Court constituted under the Act; overruled in cases appealed against, and virtually dominated by the Court of Final Appeal. The proceedings of these Courts, therefore, must be taken as an index of the law of the Church and realm in spirituals. There is now no



other ecclesiastical law in force but that administered by these Courts. And this must be the guide to men's conduct. No one can reproach his neighbour with lawlessness or rebellion or disloyalty to the Church of England, so long as he keeps within the exact bounds expressly laid down by the aforesaid Courts in their decisions. Whatever we do which is not contrary to the law laid down in the Courts cannot be held to be inconsistent with our standing as citizens and members of the Established Church, whether as clergy or as laity. This position, therefore, will show our true relation to the Church of England. The Courts enjoin nothing upon us, save in certain buildings and under certain circumstances. So that, if any should maintain that what we do is contrary to the laws of the Established Church, we answer that the secular authority by which those laws are now administered is accessible to all; the Courts are open; let them try such an issue there. If they will not or dare not do this, they must in equity leave our consciences as free as their own for anything beyond.

We should have thought that the bishops, who are thus challenged, as we understand these words, to try and put down by the law the practice of ritual, of Catholic ceremonies, or of that habitual confession which they have been in some cases attempting to proscribe, so long as these things are not carried on in the buildings which are made over to the Establishment and at the times of regular service, might very safely, in ordinary cases, leave the matter to the consciences of individuals, if indeed the persons who have joined this movement are the respectable clergymen who are said to be connected with it. These men are, after all, bound by a solemn subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, as well as by their solemn promise of canonical obedience, and must have some scruples left as to the extent to which an honest adhesion to the pledges which they have given, and on condition of which they hold the position which they do not mean to abandon as clergymen of the Establishment, allow them to go in the direction of the doctrines and practices which they have deliberately and solemnly renounced. We doubt very much whether any large body of English clergymen will be found to be willing to act in defiance of what they are sworn to. It seems simple trifling to say that the changes which have been lately made as to the trial of ecclesiastical causes absolve Anglican clergymen from obedience to their Bishops. We should also think it improbable that any gross and plain inconsistency as to such engagements will be tolerated by the laity. The Ritualist clergy are in many cases very highly respected and followed with great docility by their flocks, though those flocks, in London at least, do not seem in all cases to belong to the parish in which the Ritualistic observances are carried on. But we question very much, again, whether anything like sharp practice, anything like dodging the law, anything that implies double-dealing and evasion, will be popular even among the Ritualists. The criticism that rises to the mind on reading such passages as that which has last been quoted, is that these anonymous gentlemen are too clever by half. The position of a clergyman of the Establishment is one of consi-



deration and emolument, and people will ask themselves how it is that so many poor Nonconformists and converts have thought it a matter of course that they must forego the advantages of such a position for the sake of conscience, while these comfortable men of the new Order of Reunion are to remain in the enjoyment of whatever amount of consideration and wealth they may receive as Anglican clergymen, and rub their hands at the foolish enthusiasm of the elder seceders for the sake of conscience who have held very much the same opinion as to the Anglican Church which they now profess. This, together with the apparent shunning of the light which characterizes the whole document, will, unless we are mistaken, prevent any great success.

Indeed, so strongly marked is the element of grotesqueness, of which we have already spoken, in this manifesto, that we should not be surprised to be told that it is hardly worth the while of a Catholic Review to notice it at all. Time alone can show whether this strange declaration of principles—if it can be so called—enlists many followers under the banner of those who have sent it forth. We think that Catholics in general have but little idea of the very strange things which attract the sympathy and occupy the minds of Ritualists. Some of our readers may have fallen in with a serial tale, called "The Problem Solved," which is now appearing in the pages of that very excellent little magazine, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which English Catholics owe to the zeal and industry of the late most lamented Father Maher. It appears to be the aim of the author of that tale to collect the anecdotes which are floating in society of the extraordinary tricks and devices to which the clergy of the Ritualist party have recourse, in order to persuade themselves and others of the tenability of their position. Curious indeed must be the state of mind of persons who can think it right to adopt the measures which are recorded in the story of which we speak, and which we have reason to know are not exaggerations. In general, the persons on whom these tricks—we can call them nothing less—are played off, are far superior in simplicity and earnestness to the spiritual guides of whom they are for the time the too docile dupes. In a large number of cases, we are happy to know, they end in escaping from the thralldom in which they have been involved into the liberty and light of the Catholic Church. For the sake of such persons it is well that the interest of Catholics should be enlisted in the movement of which they are in truth the most important elements. It may very well be the case, that in the true intention of the "Rector, Provincials, and Provosts" of the New Order, one very important aim in the whole movement is to keep people from submitting to the Church. The order of corporate reunion may be equivalent, in their eyes, to the order for preventing any reunion which is individual. Even within the short time which has elapsed since the publication of the manifesto, we have

known it to be used in a last hopeless and unreasonable effort to hinder a long-pondered conversion. Before its appearance, it was talked of in the same way as a coming panacea for all the evils of the Establishment, which would satisfy the longings after Catholicism which are so rife among Anglicans, without forcing them to the disagreeable necessity—far more disagreeable to the supposed clergyman than to any other—of going to a Catholic priest to be received into the Church. Nothing, certainly, that Catholics are likely to think or say will have much influence on the leaders of the Ritualistic party. But it is also certain that all the strange devices to which they and other High Church directors have recourse, are so many evidences of the imperative necessity which they feel for some measures, whatever they may be, which may even for a moment serve to impede the strong set of the current among the better sort of Anglicans towards Catholic unity. It is clear that they have a number of persons in view who require to be kept back—and the existence of this large number of persons is the chief reason for Catholics to take any interest in proceedings such as those of the Order of Corporate Reunion.





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